LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

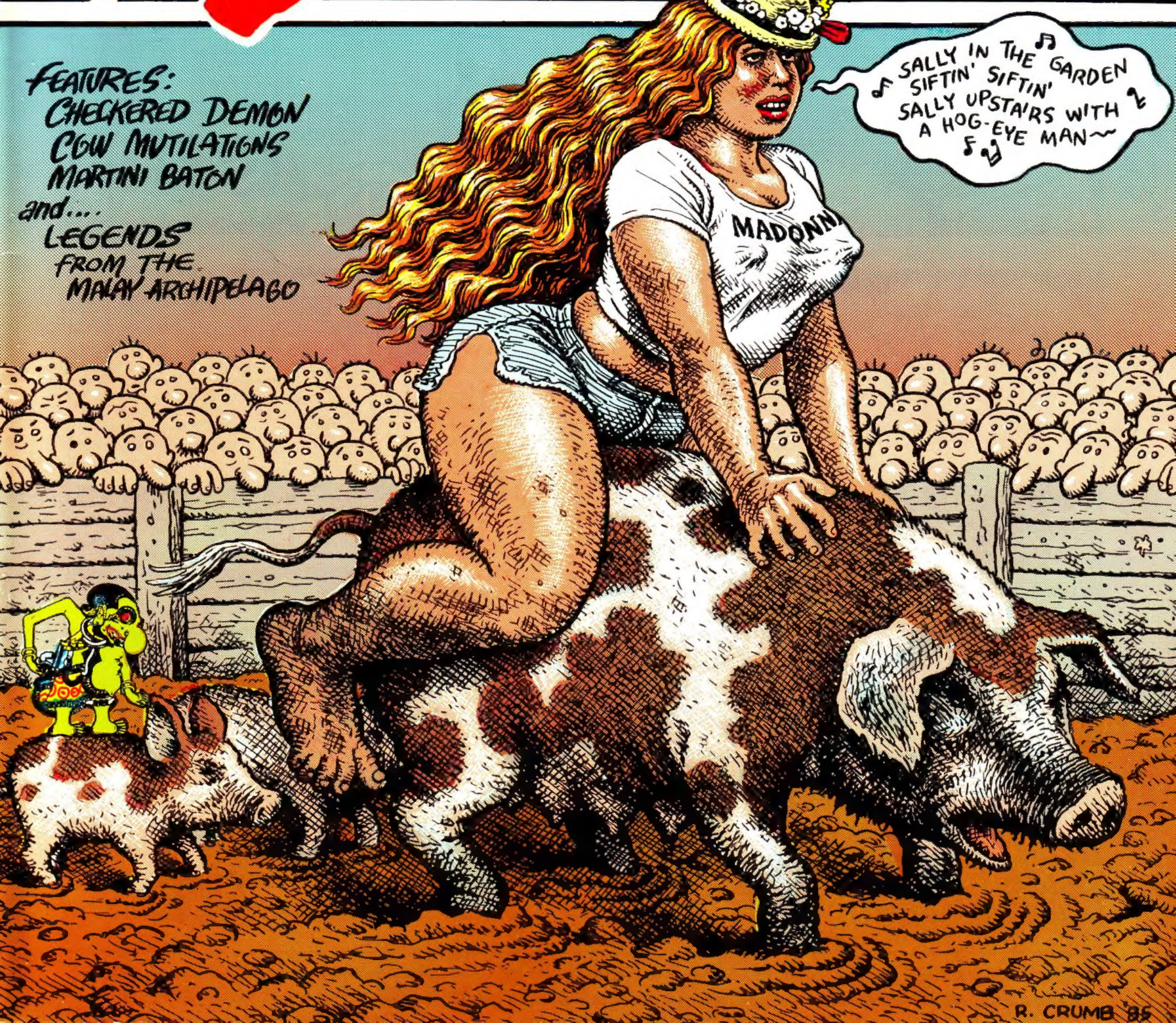
IN THIS ISSUE:
AMERICA WALLOWS IN ITS OWN FILTH!!

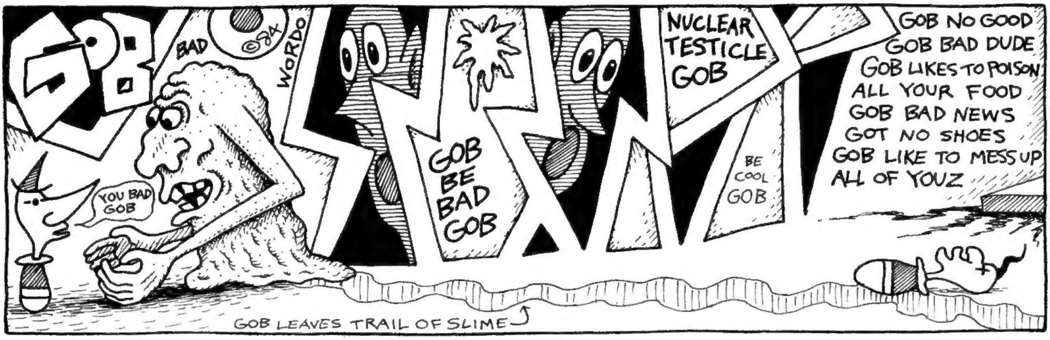
Weirdo

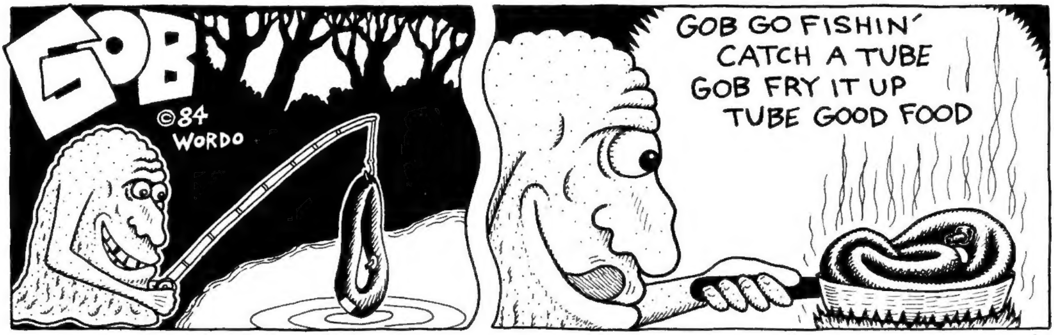
NO.14

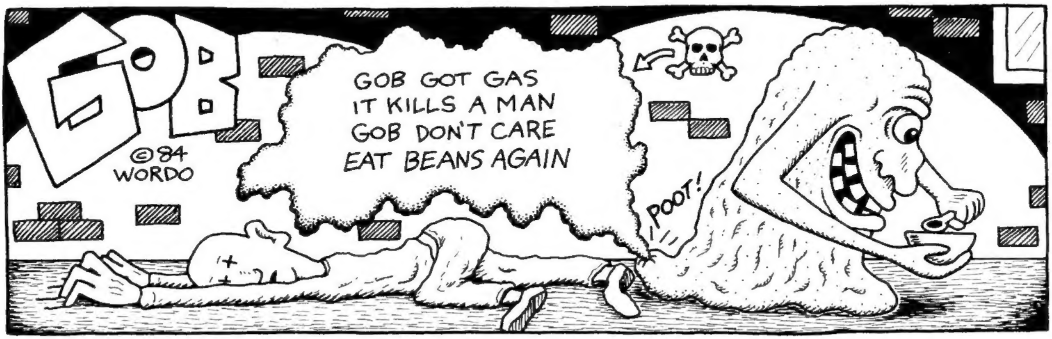
ADULTS ONLY
$3.95

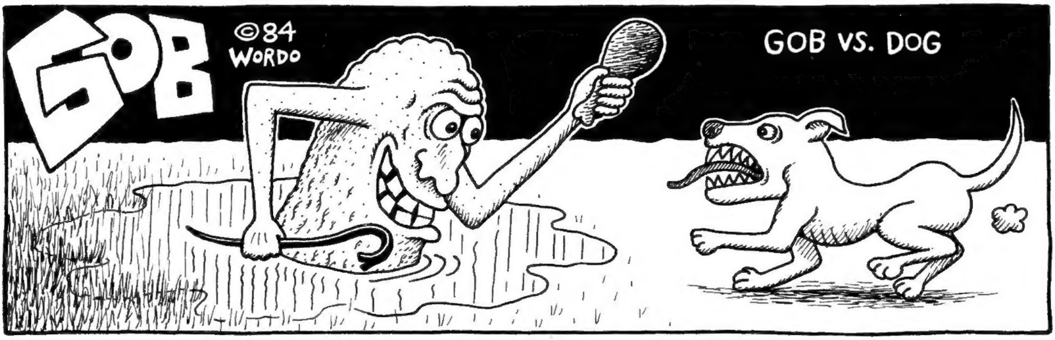
FEATURES:
CHECKERED DEMON
COW MUTILATIONS
MARTINI BATON
and....
LEGENDS FROM THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO


SALLY IN THE GARDEN SIFTIN' SIFTIN' SALLY UPSTAIRS WITH A HOG-EYE MAN~~
MADONNA
R. CRUMB '85


GOB
BAD
©84
WORDO
YOU BAD GOB
GOB BE BAD GOB
NUCLEAR TESTICLE GOB
BE COOL GOB
GOB NO GOOD
GOB BAD DUDE
GOB LIKES TO POISON
ALL YOUR FOOD
GOB BAD NEWS
GOT NO SHOES
GOB LIKE TO MESS UP
ALL OF YOUZ
GOB LEAVES TRAIL OF SLIME


GOB
©84
WORDO
GOB GO FISHIN´
CATCH A TUBE
GOB FRY IT UP
TUBE GOOD FOOD


GOB
©84
WORDO
GOB GOT GAS
IT KILLS A MAN
GOB DON'T CARE
EAT BEANS AGAIN
POOT!


GOB
©84
WORDO
GOB VS. DOG

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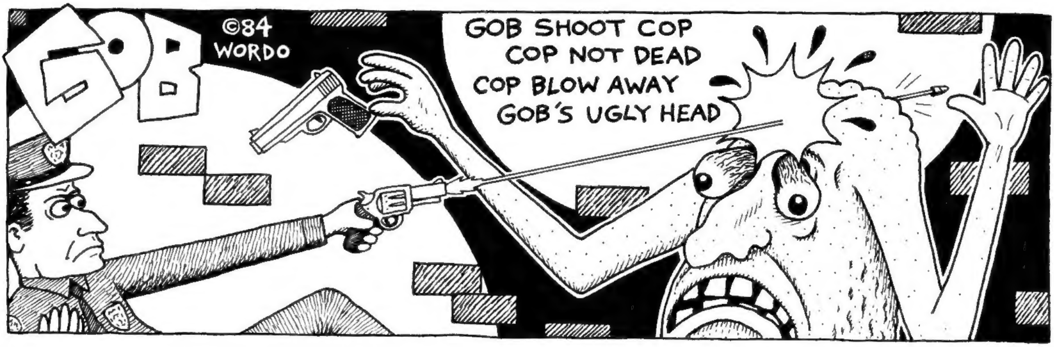
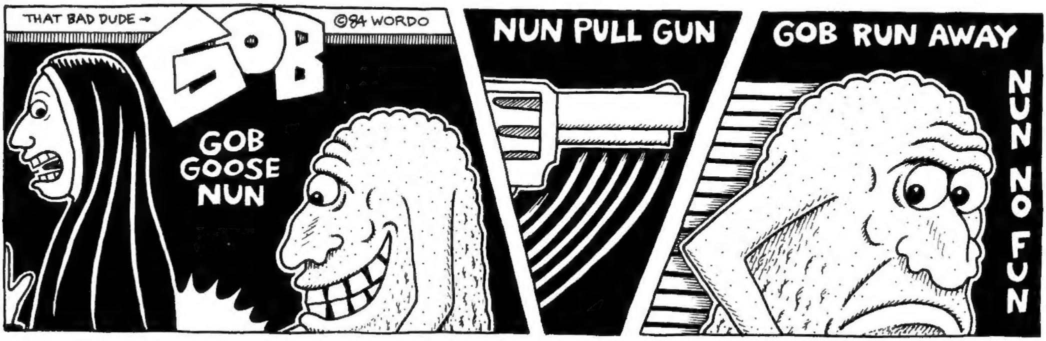
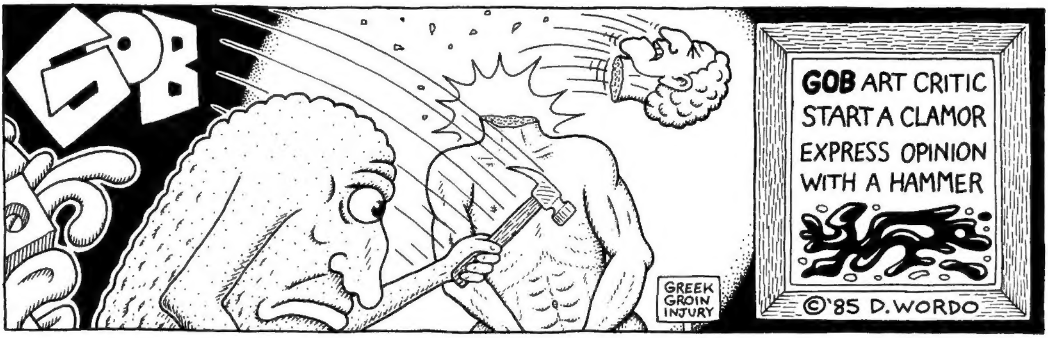
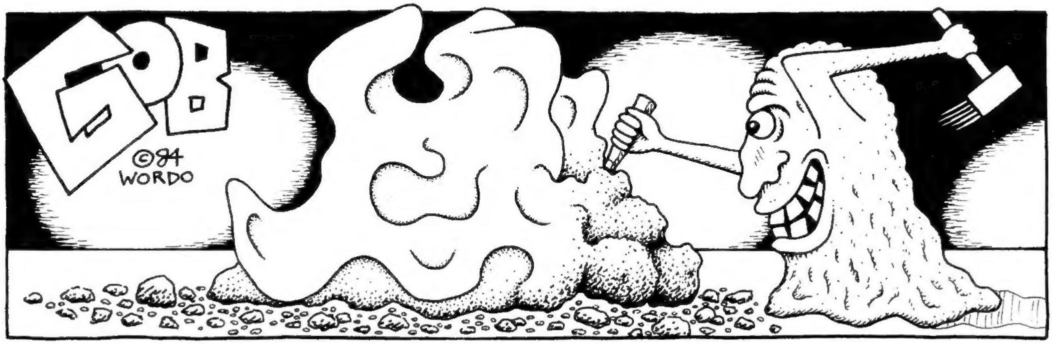

GOB
©84 WORDO
GOB SHOOT COP
COP NOT DEAD
COP BLOW AWAY
GOB'S UGLY HEAD


THAT BAD DUDE →
GOB
©84 WORDO
GOB GOOSE NUN
NUN PULL GUN
GOB RUN AWAY
NUN NO FUN


GOB
GREEK GROIN INJURY
GOB ART CRITIC
START A CLAMOR
EXPRESS OPINION
WITH A HAMMER
©'85 D. WORDO


GOB
©84 WORDO

WEIRDO

NUMBER 14 "THE MAGAZINE THAT EXISTS IN SPITE OF ITSELF." FALL, 1985

WEIRDO'S ADDRESS IS TOP-SECRET, BUT I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT, 'CUZ YOU LOOK PRETTY COOL!

WEIRDO'S SECRET CLUBHOUSE
c/o PETER BAGGE
BOX 34
KIRKLAND, WA
98033

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT WEIRDO MAGAZINE GOT AS GOOD AS A MAGAZINE COULD POSSIBLY GET, WHAT DO THE EDITORS DO BUT TURN AROUND AND PUT OUT: **WEIRDO #14**, AN ISSUE THAT IS SO **ASTONISHINGLY FANTASTICAL** THAT WE **GUARANTEE** THAT IT WILL **AGITATE** YOUR **BRAIN CELLS** TO THE **POINT** OF **NO RETURN**, THAT'S HOW GOOD IT IS, AND ANYONE THAT DOESN'T THINK SO IS A **HUMAN PIECE** OF **COMPOST CRUD**, AND SHOULD **COMMIT SUICIDE IMMEDIATELY**.

AND DON'T ANY OF YOU WASTE YOUR TIME LOOKING FOR WORK WITH "REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE" IN THIS HERE ISH, 'CUZ THERE AIN'T NONE. THERE'S JUST A LOT OF **DEPRAVED NONSENSE**, LOTS OF **CURSE WORDS** AND **DRAWINGS OF PEOPLE GETTING BONKED ON THE HEAD**, AND "**THAT'S THE WAY** (UH-HUH, UH-HUH) **I LIKE IT**, (UH-HUH, UH-HUH)". AT LEAST THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL THIS WEEK. NEXT WEEK I'LL PROBABLY REGRET WRITING SUCH A STUPID EDITORIAL...

..THERE'S STILL TIME FOR YOU SLOWER PEOPLE TO ENTER OUR "**UGLY ART CONTEST**". (DEADLINE: SEPT. 1st, '85—SEE WEIRDO 13 FOR DETAILS) I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THINGS BY TELLING YOU WHAT THE PRIZES ARE, BUT I WILL TELL YOU THAT THEY'RE **VERY JUICY INDEED**, AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A REAL DIP-SHIT FOR NOT ENTERING SUCH AN EASY CONTEST. SO GET SMART, GET UGLY, AND **GET ARTWORKIN'**!

YO PETER,

I'M REALLY INTRIGUED BY THIS "UGLY ART" CONTEST IDEA. COINCIDENTALLY, THE NEXT ISSUE OF FANOLA WILL HAVE AN EARTH-SHAKING EXPOSE ON THE **NEED** AND **FUNCTION** OF **UGLINESS**. FASCINATION WITH THE GROTESQUE IS A UNIVERSAL PRACTICE, BUT HISTORICALLY THE OBSESSIVE PORTRAYAL OF UGLY PEOPLE AND THINGS IN "ART" INCREASES WHEN THE TASTES OF SOCIETY HAS GONE TO EXTREMES...EMPHASIS ON GRECIAN BEAUTY COMPELLED DA VINCI TO DRAW HUNDREDS OF "UGLY" COMMON PEOPLE... I WONDER WHAT IT IS TODAY THAT IS BRINGING UGLY ART TO THE FORE? EMPHASIS ON JOGGING? TOO MANY GOOD-LOOKING SUPER-HEROES? HOPE I'LL HAVE IT ALL SORTED OUT BY PRESS TIME FOR THE NEXT FANOLA.

— JOHN EADES,
LAKE PARK, FL

— JOHN IS THE EDITOR OF COMICS FANOLA, A FANZINE THAT WILL TELL YOU MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SMALL-PRESS + ALTERNATIVE COMICS. WRITE: 9429 SILVERTHORN DR., LAKE PARK, FL., 33403.

DEAR SIRS,

I'M 21, AN AVID READER OF YOUR MAGAZINE, AND I'M IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE... **WAIT-AMINIT!** ISN'T THIS THE PENTHOUSE FORUM? **NO**? OH YEAH, UH, **WEIRDO!**...ER, WEIRDO #12 WAS, UM, **REALLY** BETTER THAN **HALF-SWELL!**...

..I HAVE A QUESTION: HOW CAN I MAKE IT **BIG** IN UNDERGROUND COMICS? I WANNA BE THE NEXT CRUMB/SPAIN/GRIFFITH, BUT DOES THAT MEAN I **HAVE** TO TAKE **ACID**? AND **MUST** I MOVE TO **NEW YORK** OR **SAN FRANCISCO**? (I STRONGLY SUGGEST THAT YOU DO NONE OF THE ABOVE—ED.) THANKS ENNYWAYZ,

— JIM KEY,
SARASOTA, FL

P.S. I'LL DRAW A CHARICATURE OF ANYONE LOOKING TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN THEY REALLY ARE FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. **REALLY, I WILL!**

PETER,

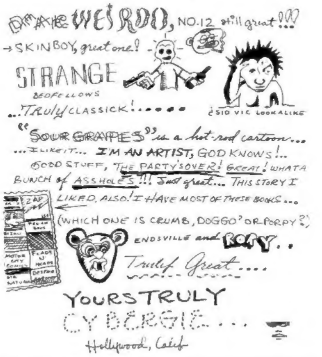
CHRIST, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT RAYMOND PETTIBON (GOD) ON THE BANDWAGON! I'VE READ AND SEEN THIS GUY'S (GOD'S) STUFF ON RECORDS AND IN HIS BOOKS. EVERY PANEL SAYS SOMETHING... WELL... KINDA STRANGE. I TEND NOT TO WORSHIP PEOPLE, BUT...

...I'VE CONCLUDED THIS ABOUT WEIRDO: WHEN YOU READ IT EVERYTHING IN IT FLOWS SO NATURALLY BECAUSE EVERYTHING IN IT IS ALREADY NATURALLY IN YOUR MIND...

...AND HEY, CAN I JOIN AN ART GANG? HUH? CAN I? HUH? **HUH? I WANNA PARTY!** AW, C'MON FELLAHS, DON'T GIVE ME SHIT JUST 'CUZ I **PAINT WITH ANCHOVY PASTE!!!**

THANK YOU,

— JON GREEN,
ARCADIA, CA



DEAR WEIRDO, NO.12 still great!!!

→SKINBOY, great one!

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS ...Truly CLASSICK!.....

¿SID VIC LOOKALIKE

"SOUR GRAPES" is a hot-rod cartoon...

...I LIKE IT... I'M AN ARTIST, GOD KNOWS!..

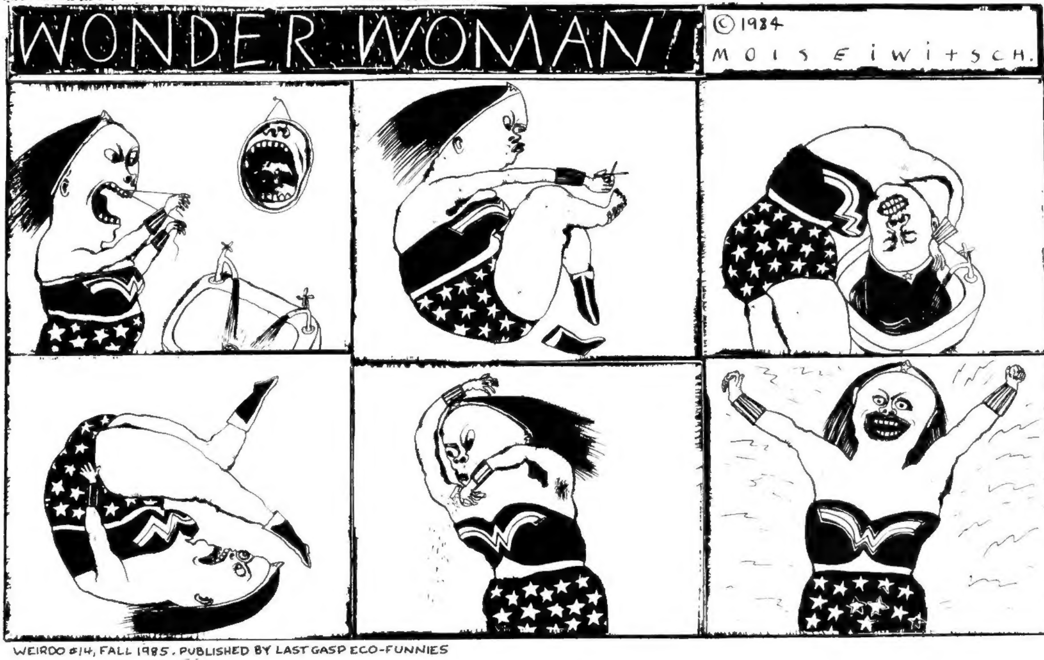
GOOD STUFF, THE PARTY'S OVER! GREAT! WHAT A BUNCH of ASSHOLES!!! Just great... THIS STORY I LIKED, ALSO! I HAVE MOST OF THESE BOOKS...

(WHICH ONE IS CRUMB, DOGGO? OR PORPY?)

ENDSVILLE and PORPY..

Truly Great....

YOURS TRULY
CYBERGIE...
Hollywood, Calif



WONDER WOMAN!

© 1984 MOISEIWITSCH.

WEIRDO #14, FALL 1985. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

DEAR PETER BAGGE,

I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN TO YOU SOONER, JUST BECAUSE WEIRDO HAS GOTTEN SO GOOD AND JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER. IT MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH FOR A "HERO" LIKE CRUMB, WHO MUST BE PRETTY PARANOID (AND RIGHTLY SO) AND WHO MUST FIND IT HARD TO "MINGLE". IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE MUCH BETTER SUITED TO THE JOB. YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE FED UP TO THE TEETH WITH HUMANITY YET, WHERE AS CRUMB MUST BE (IF HE WASN'T HE'D BE A SAINT, AND WE ALL HATE SAINTS)

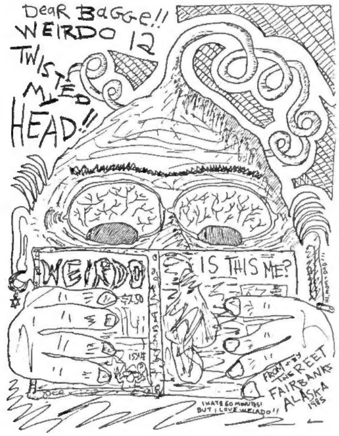
AND THEN BESIDES THINKING THAT HUMANS ARE OKAY, YOU ARE INTO ALL THE RIGHT KINDS OF STUFF. WEIRDO KEEPS GETTING MORE WONDERFUL + WILDER, AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S ANOTHER REASON WHY WEIRDO KEEPS GETTING BETTER? IT'S GETTING **REALLY FUNNY!** NOT JUST IRONIC + POIGNANT, BUT **F-U-N-N-Y.** I MEAN I LAUGH AND THEN LAUGH + THEN TOTALLY BREAK DOWN + **HOWL!** PUTTING "A PAGE OF CRAP" FOLLOWING "THE PARTY'S OVER" AFTER "SOUR GRAPES" IS A **FUCKING TOUR DE FORCE!!! IT'S LIVE!!** AND THEN GRIFFY'S "RORY STORY" FOLLOWED BY RORY HIMSELF (OOOOOOO WHAT A RUSH!) IS A **REAL WIPE OUT KILLER, DUDE!!!**

J.D. KING'S 2-PAGER WAS SO NASTY... IT REALLY DID TAKE ME BACK TO THOSE HIDEOUS "HIPPY DAYS". J.D.K.'S STYLE IS SO OUTRAGEOUSLY AMERICAN!. SO I'VE ONLY NAMED MY FAVES, BUT I'D HAVE TO BE **DRUNK** TO KEEP GOING + YOU'D HAVE TO BE **STUPID** TO READ IT. BUT THANKS FOR USING NOT AN OUNCE OF **FILLER** IN YOUR MAG! I'M IMPRESSED...

...I FEEL LIKE WE ALL MUST BE KINDRED SPIRITS OR SOMETHING. NOT ONLY DO WE APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH WEIRDO BUT WE APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT YOU ENJOY OUR COMICS IN CAKE. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT **RIGHT NOW** IS A GREAT TIME TO WRITE AND DRAW CRAZY SHIT AND PASS IT AROUND IN WHATEVER WAY POSSIBLE, BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE ARE SO BUSY MAKING MONEY + CONFORMING THAT THEY WONT BOTHER TO NOTICE OR HASSLE US + WE'LL ALL JUST HAVE A **WILD TIME!**

— ANNE PEAT,
FAIRFAX, CA.

(—THANKS FOR THE SWELL LETTER, ANNE! I WISH I GOT MORE LIKE YOURS, THOUGH THE "NASTY" ONES ARE MORE FUN TO RE-PRINT!)

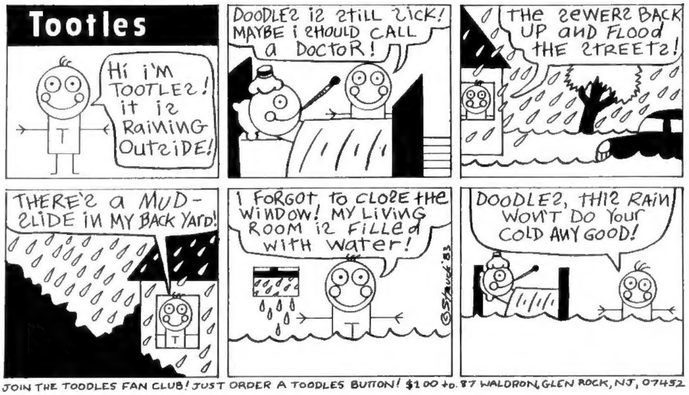

Dear Bagge!!
WEIRDO 12
TWISTED MY HEAD!!
WEIRDO
$7.50
14
IS THIS ME?
HI, MOM + DAD!!
FROM + BY THE REET
FAIRBANKS ALASKA 1985
I HATE 60 MINUTES! BUT I LOVE WEIRDO!!

PETER,

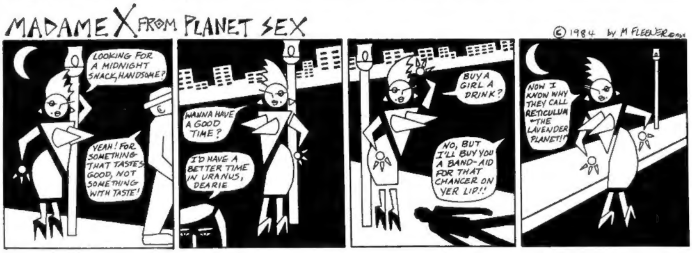
...FOR SOME REASON MARTINI BATON REMINDS ME OF A FOSTER-SISTER I ONCE LIVED WITH — SHE USED TO RAM WINE BOTTLES UP HER AND WALK AROUND THE HOUSE IN FRONT OF THE WINDOWS LIKE THAT WE GOT A PEEPING-TOM FOR ALL HER EFFORTS — SHE EVENTUALLY GOT KICKED OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR MOLESTING ME AND LETTING THE DOG EAT CREAMED CHEESE FROM HER CROTCH...

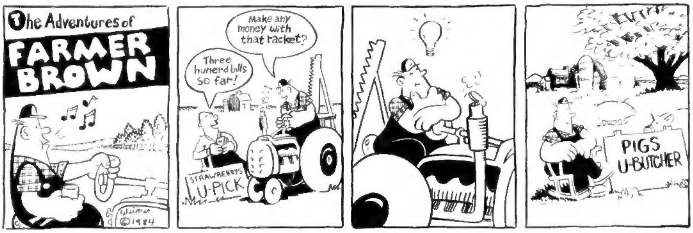
— ASHLEIGH JOHNSYN,
SEATTLE, WA

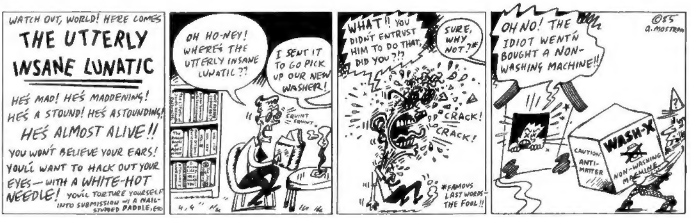
(— IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU KNEW THE REAL MARTINI BATON, ASH! AND SPEAKING OF WHOM, CHECK OUT M.B.'S LATEST ADVENTURES IN THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO! —ed.)

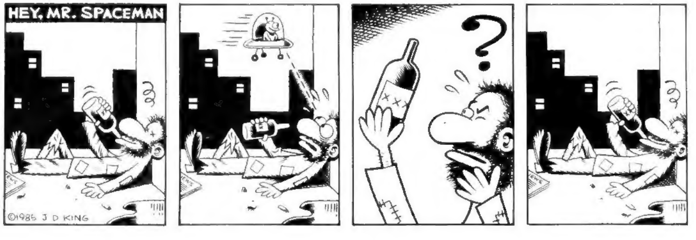

Tootles
Hi i'm TOOTLES! it is Raining Outside!
DOODLES is still sick! MAYBE i SHOULD CALL a DOCTOR!
THE SEWERS BACK UP aND FLOOD THE STREETS!
THERE'S a MUD-SLIDE IN MY BACK YARD!
I FORGOT TO CLOSE THE WINDOW! MY LIVING ROOM IS FILLED WITH WATER!
©Stauck '83
DOODLES, THIS RAIN WON'T DO YOUR COLD ANY GOOD!

JOIN THE TOODLES FAN CLUB! JUST ORDER A TOODLES BUTTON! $1.00 to. 87 WALDRON, GLEN ROCK, NJ, 07452


MADAME X FROM PLANET SEX
© 1984 by M FLEENER
LOOKING FOR A MIDNIGHT SNACK, HANDSOME?
YEAH! FOR SOMETHING THAT TASTES GOOD, NOT SOMETHING WITH TASTE!
WANNA HAVE A GOOD TIME?
I'D HAVE A BETTER TIME IN URANUS, DEARIE
BUY A GIRL A DRINK?
NO, BUT I'LL BUY YOU A BAND-AID FOR THAT CHANCER ON YER LIP!!
NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL RETICULUM "THE LAVENDER PLANET!"


The Adventures of FARMER BROWN
Weimer ©1984
Make any money with that racket?
Three hunerd bills so far!
STRAWBERRYS U-PICK
PIGS U-BUTCHER


WATCH OUT, WORLD! HERE COMES
THE UTTERLY INSANE LUNATIC
HE'S MAD! HE'S MADDENING! HE'S A STOUND! HE'S ASTOUNDING!
HE'S ALMOST ALIVE!!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EARS! YOU'LL WANT TO HACK OUT YOUR EYES — WITH A WHITE-HOT NEEDLE! YOU'LL TORTURE YOURSELF INTO SUBMISSION W/ A NAIL-STUDDED PADDLE, ETC.
OH HO-NEY! WHERE'S THE UTTERLY INSANE LUNATIC??
I SENT IT TO GO PICK UP OUR NEW WASHER!
SQUINT SQUINT
WHAT!! YOU DIDN'T ENTRUST HIM TO DO THAT, DID YOU?!?
SURE, WHY NOT?*
CRACK! CRACK!
*FAMOUS LAST WORDS — THE FOOL!!
©85 A. MOSTRAN
OH NO! THE IDIOT WENT'N BOUGHT A NON-WASHING MACHINE!!
WASH-X
CAUTION: ANTI-MATTER
NON-WASHING MACHINE


HEY, MR. SPACEMAN
©1985 J D KING

LETTER TO CRUMB:

DEAR R. CRUMB,

PLEASE ACCEPT MY CONGRADULATIONS AND THANKS FOR YOUR "PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS." NOT ONLY HAVE YOU SEIZED ON THE COMIC ASPECTS OF PERVERSION, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN THE LONELINESS AND SHAME OF A "PERVERT" SO GRAPHICALLY DISPLAYED. THE EMOTIONAL OR PURELY HUMAN ASPECTS OF SEX ARE MUCH NEGLECTED IN BOTH FICTION AND SCHOLARLY WORKS. THE SITUATION AT PRESENT IS PROBABLY NOT MUCH BETTER THAN IT WAS IN 1900.

...OUR OWN SOCIETY, MUCH AS DID KRAFFT-EBBING'S, PREFERS TO HAVE SEX AS A FETISH RATHER THAN AS A FORM OF REAL BEHAVIOR. I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE MARXIST IDEA THAT SEX HAS BEEN MADE FETISHISTIC AND OBSESSIVE SO THAT IT SERVES AS AN ULTIMATE FORM OF TEASING, A PERPETUALLY UNGRATIFYING REWARD TO SPUR ALIENATED LABOR EVER ONWARD TO PERFORM USELESS WORK. ALL THE SOLITARINESS OF MASS FETISHISM AND MASTURBATION FOLLOWS FROM THIS, JUST AS LARGE-SCALE DRUNKENESS FOLLOWED THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION...

...I WISH THIS INTERPRETATION OF KRAFFT-EBBING'S WORK COULD BE DISSEMINATED AS THE SERIOUS WORK THAT IT IS. YOU HAVE SUMMED UP MANY OF YOUR OWN PREOCCUPATIONS IN THIS PIECE, AND I'M SORRY THAT IT APPEARS IN COMPANY WITH SO MUCH INFANTILE NIHILISM. MORE PARTICULARLY, IT SEEMS A SHAME THAT ELITIST ARTISTS ARE CALLED SERIOUS SOCIAL CRITICS, AND YOUR WORK, WHILE APPEALING TO AN INTELLEGENT MASS AUDIENCE, IS PASSED OFF BY SOME AS BIZZARE FUN. I HOPE WE BOTH LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THIS OPINION CORRECTED...

—ARON GOLDBERG,
LOS ANGELES, CA

DEAR PETER BAGGE,

...I THINK THIS "NEW-WAVE" IN UNDERGROUND COMICS, THESE LITTLE XEROXED MAGAZINES, SOUNDS LIKE A VERY GOOD THING. UNFORTUNATELY I HAVE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN ANY OF THESE MAGAZINES, AS THEY DO NOT EXIST IN THE NETHERLANDS. SO IT IS GOOD THAT WEIRDO PUBLISHES A LOT OF STUFF FROM THEM. ALL THIS MUST BE INSPIRING TO OTHER "AMATEURS". WITHOUT YOUR MAGAZINE I MIGHT NEVER HAVE DRAWN AGAIN...

..WEIRDO SURE BEATS HIGH-SCHOOL ART-TEACHERS WHO ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT I COULDN'T DRAW!

— RONALD DE HOUGH,
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

STEATOPYGIA: A REBUTTAL?

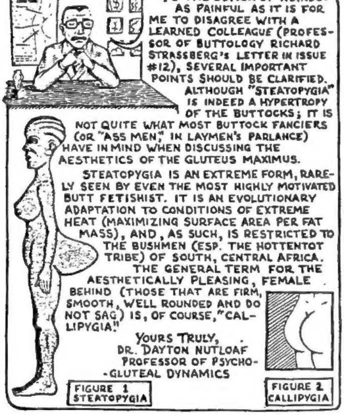


FIGURE 1
STEATOPYGIA
FIGURE 2
CALLIPYGIA

TO THE EDITOR OF WEIRDO:

AS PAINFUL AS IT IS FOR ME TO DISAGREE WITH A LEARNED COLLEAGUE (PROFESSOR OF BUTTOLOGY RICHARD STRASSBERG'S LETTER IN ISSUE #12), SEVERAL IMPORTANT POINTS SHOULD BE CLARIFIED.

ALTHOUGH "STEATOPYGIA" IS INDEED A HYPERTROPY OF THE BUTTOCKS; IT IS NOT QUITE WHAT MOST BUTTOCK FANCIERS (OR "ASS MEN," IN LAYMEN'S PARLANCE) HAVE IN MIND WHEN DISCUSSING THE AESTHETICS OF THE GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.

STEATOPYGIA IS AN EXTREME FORM, RARELY SEEN BY EVEN THE MOST HIGHLY MOTIVATED BUTT FETISHIST. IT IS AN EVOLUTIONARY ADAPTATION TO CONDITIONS OF EXTREME HEAT (MAXIMIZING SURFACE AREA PER FAT MASS), AND, AS SUCH, IS RESTRICTED TO THE BUSHMEN (ESP. THE HOTTENTOT TRIBE) OF SOUTH, CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE GENERAL TERM FOR THE AESTHETICALLY PLEASING, FEMALE BEHIND (THOSE THAT ARE FIRM, SMOOTH, WELL ROUNDED AND DO NOT SAG) IS, OF COURSE, "CALLIPYGIA."

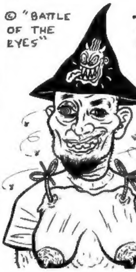
YOURS TRULY,
DR. DAYTON NUTLOAF
PROFESSOR OF PSYCHO-
-GLUTEAL DYNAMICS

PETER BAGGE,

YOUR COMICS ARE **FUNNIER** EVERY TIME I READ THEM! YOU POSSESS THE WIT OF **KURTZMAN**, THE IMAGINATION OF **WOLVERTON**, AND LIKE ALL GREAT HUMORISTS IT'S **PAINFULLY HONEST!** **YOU ARE CLEARLY A SENSITIVE + CREATIVE SOUL!** ...NOW DO I GET PUBLISHED IN WEIRDO?

— MALCOLM WARREN,
BRATTLEBORO, VT

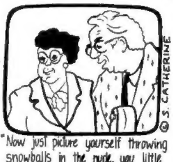
WEIRDO SEZ: "BUY THESE BOOKS!"



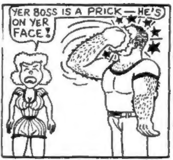
© "BATTLE OF THE EYES"

• **NYAH-NYAK!** — THIS IS A VERY, VERY, VERY "BIG-DADDY" ROTH INSPIRED COMIC MAGAZINE PUT OUT BY 3 BRIT "ARTOONISTS": ANDY DOG, CHRIS LONG AND SAVAGE PENCIL, COLLECTIVELY KNOWN AS "THE BATTLE OF THE EYES." SLICK PRINT JOB — IT COMES ¼-FOLDED, AND OPENS UP SO'S THAT EACH PAGE IS HUGE. SEND $2.50, INC. P+H TO: BATTLE OF THE EYES, c/o 166 NEW CAVENDISH, LONDON W1, ENGLAND. (PICTURED AT LEFT IS ED "BIG DADDY" GEIN!)

• **OVERHEARD AT AMERICA'S LUNCH-COUNTERS #2** — SUE CATHERINE SERVES UP SOME VERY FUNNY SLICES O'LIFE WITH THESE WACKY BIZZARE QUOTES UTTERED BY ACTUAL FOLKS. TRUTH IS A LOT STRANGER THAN FICTION. $2.50 TO: CHERRY STONE PRESS, 4715 16th ST. N.E, SEATTLE, WA, 98109. NEW ISH DUE OUT SOON.


© S. CATHERINE

"Now just picture yourself throwing snowballs in the nude, you little devil!"


YER BOSS IS A PRICK—HE'S ON YER FACE!
© B. N. DUNCAN

• **DROLL FUNNIES** — A NEW COLLECTION OF COMICS BY WEIRDO CONTRIBUTOR BRUCE N. DUNCAN. MUCH OF THE WORK INCLUDED HERE ARE REPRINTED FROM B.N.D.'S LATE, GREAT "TELE-TIMES" MAGAZINE. PECULIAR YET ENTERTAINING STORIES + INSIGHTS BY A UNIQUE CARTOONIST. $2.00 to: BERKELEY INN HOTEL, #414, 2501 HASTE ST, BERKELEY, CA, 94704.

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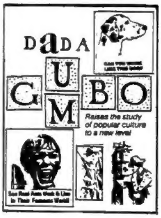
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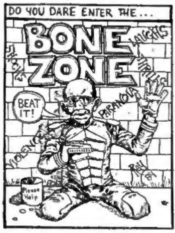
Raises the study of popular culture to a new level


DO YOU DARE ENTER THE...
BONE ZONE
SHOCKS
LAUGHS
THRILLS
PARANOIA
VIOLENCE
BEAT IT!
Please Help
RAY

• **BONE ZONE #'s 1+2** DIGEST-SIZED SELF-PUBLISHED COMIC BOOK BY RAY WATERS III, A TALENTED CARTOONIST WITH A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR. HIS DRAWINGS DON'T LOOK TOO STRANGE, BUT THE STORIES ARE VERY ODD INDEED. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. SEND $1.50 P.P. TO: RAY WATERS, 1322 RICHIE PL, N.E., WASHINGTON, D.C., 20017.

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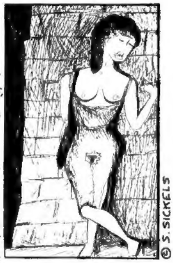

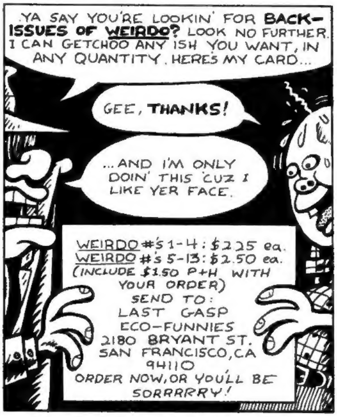
YA SAY YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR BACK-ISSUES OF WEIRDO? LOOK NO FURTHER. I CAN GETCHOO ANY ISH YOU WANT, IN ANY QUANTITY. HERE'S MY CARD...
GEE, THANKS!
...AND I'M ONLY DOIN' THIS 'CUZ I LIKE YER FACE.
WEIRDO #'s 1-4: $2.25 ea.
WEIRDO #'s 5-13: $2.50 ea.
(INCLUDE $1.50 P+H WITH YOUR ORDER)
SEND TO:
LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94110
ORDER NOW, OR YOU'LL BE SORRRRRY!

CALLING ALL SLOBS!

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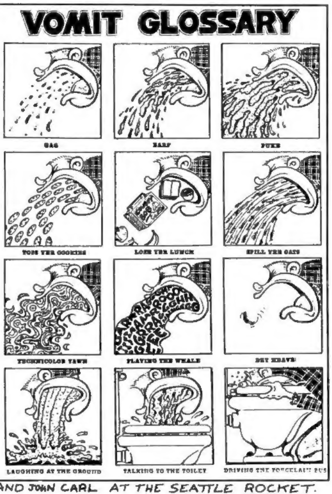
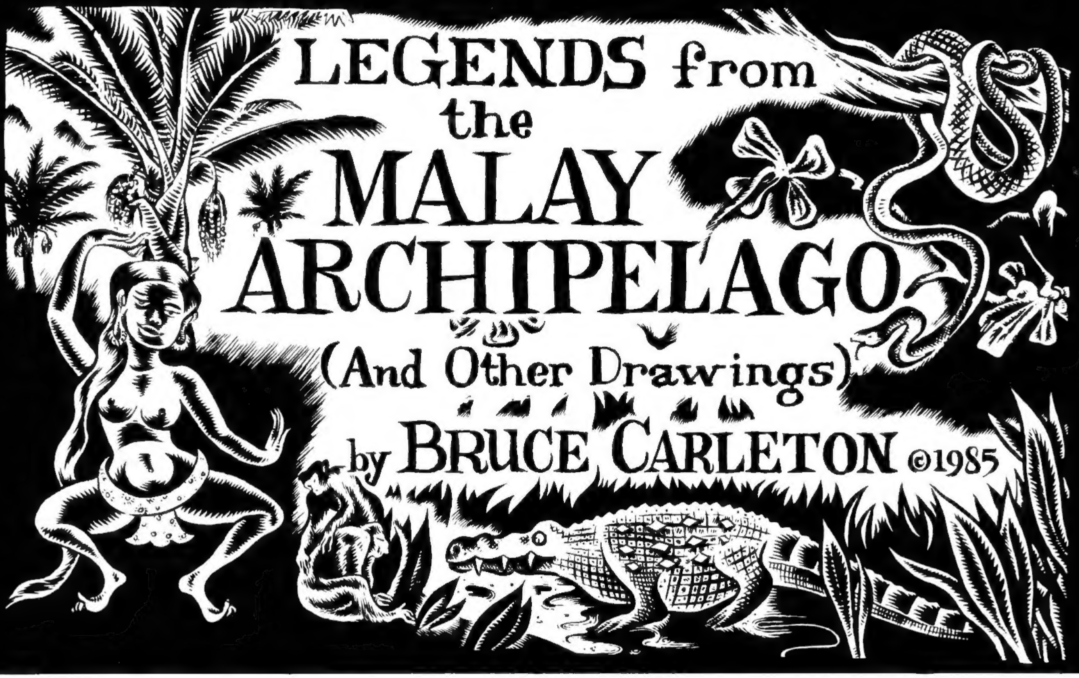

VOMIT GLOSSARY
GAG
BARF
PUKE
TOSS YER COOKIES
LOSE YER LUNCH
SPILL YER OATS
TECHNICOLOR YAWN
PLAYING THE WHALE
DRY HEAVE!
LAUGHING AT THE GROUND
TALKING TO THE TOILET
DRIVING THE PORCELAIN BUS

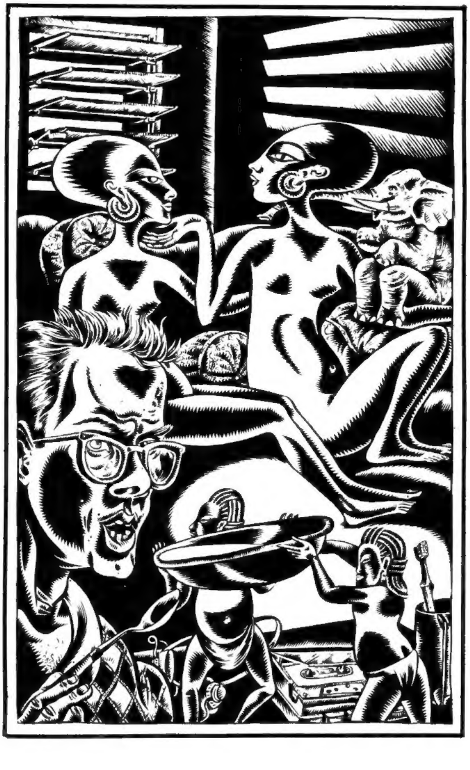
WEIRDO THANKS BOB NEWMAN, DENNIS EICHORN AND JOHN CARL AT THE SEATTLE ROCKET.



LEGENDS from the MALAY ARCHIPELAGO

(And Other Drawings)

by BRUCE CARLETON ©1985

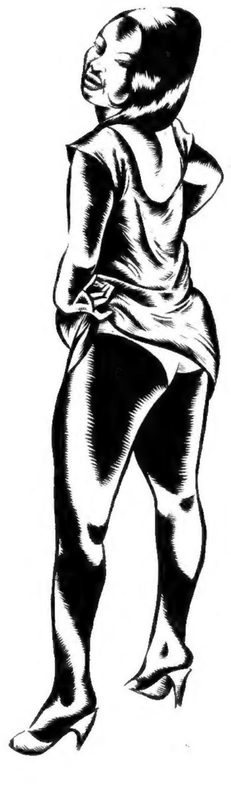


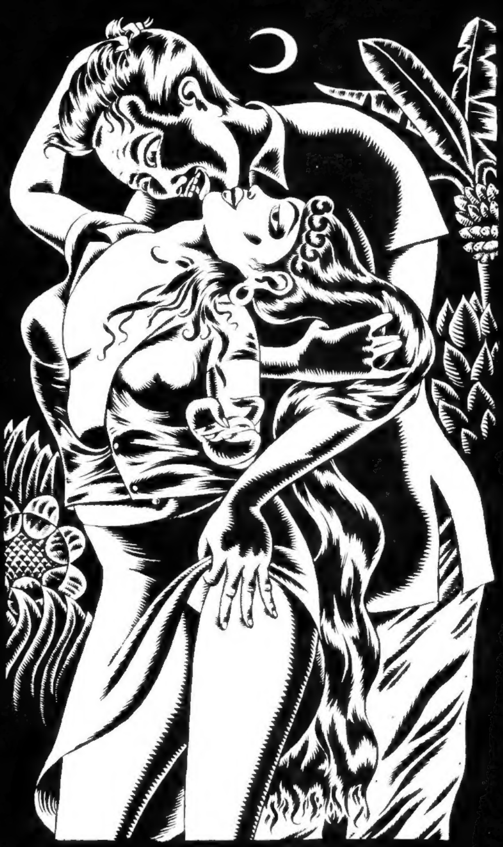
..."SPEAKING OF GIRLS (I'M ALWAYS SPEAKING OF GIRLS), THERE'S A COUPLE OF 'EM NEXT DOOR TO MY ROOM AT THIS VERY MOMENT BATHING EACH OTHER. THEY'RE SERVANTS IN MY ROOMING HOUSE, AND THIS IS THE SECOND NIGHT IN A ROW I'VE HEARD THEM LAUGHING AND SPLASHING AROUND IN THERE. SURE SOUNDS LIKE FUN! IF ONLY I COULD JUST REACH THROUGH THIS WALL I COULD GRAB ME A WET, NUT-BROWN ARMFULL OF GIRLS. CLEAN, TOO! UH-OH, MY SARONG IS JUMPING AROUND. DOWN BOY! DOWN! IT'S PROBABLY ALL VERY INNOCENT, BUT IF IT WASN'T IT WOULD BE NO WONDER. MORALITY DICTATES VIRGIN BRIDES, MAKING FOR A CLIMATE CONDUCIVE TO ADOLESCENT HOMOSEXUALITY, I GATHER...

...AS IT IS, UNTIL I HONE MY INDONESIAN A BIT, THEREBY MAKING SEDUCTION A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE, I'M AFRAID IT'S STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL...

...WHICH ISN'T NECESSARILY SO BAD. LIKE THE GOOD BOOK (NAMELY ALQURAN) SAYS: "EAT AND ENJOY YOURSELVES AWHILE, YOU ARE WICKEDMEN." WILL DO!"...

—BRUCE CARLETON,
JAKARTA TIMUR, INDONESIA



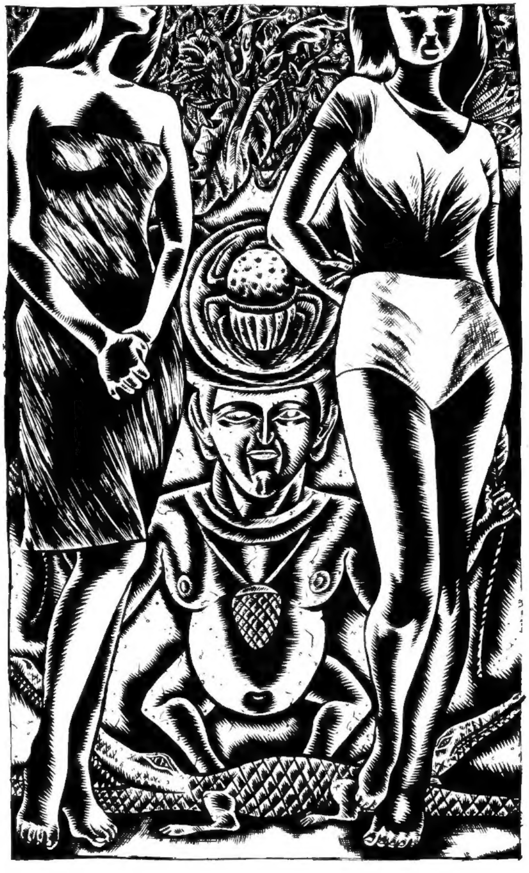


A Kuntilanak is the ghost of a woman who has died in childbirth. This pale-skinned, long, silky-haired beauty wanders the country-side of Java — already over-populated with spirits and demons of all sorts. She, like her bretheren, naturally prefers dark, lonely spots. In such a spot, if a lone male wayfarer should find himself approached by a vision of lovliness he'd best first (well, after hiding his wallet) check behind those long black tresses: if she has a hole in her back, she's a Kuntilanak. He then has three alternatives: 1) Flee (But how can he? Would you? I wouldn't); 2) Be seduced (however, he stands in danger of losing his "Kelakian", i.e. manliness, potency); or, 3) Surreptitiously prick her backside with a needle or nail — she will then become a normal woman, and presumably make a fine 2nd or 3rd wife. But watch out — if she eats meat or allows blood to even touch those pretty lips, she'll revert.

A Kuntilanak is somewhat more dangerous for women, though. Since she lost her own child (he became a "Casper", i.e. child ghost), she is always on the lookout for a substitute. If a mother (expectant or already delivered) isn't careful, Kuntilanak will steal her baby/fetus and keep it in the hole in her back. The way to prevent this is to keep a pin in the crib, or in a sash around the belly, whichever is indicated. Incidentally, to call a Javanese woman a "Kunti" is very nasty. It's like calling her a Jezebel.

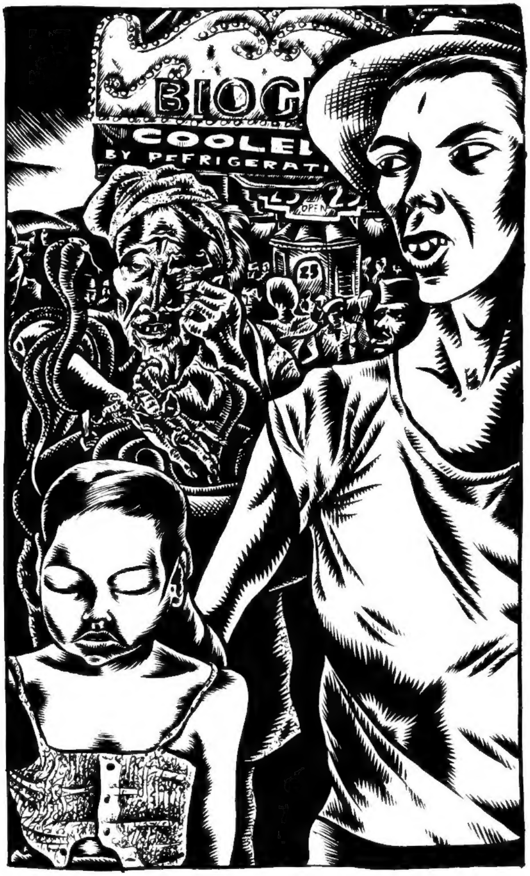
. . . The attitudes of some of the prostitutes here take some getting used to. Like the Massage Girls at Carita — the beach just opposite Krakatoa (still smoking, what's left of it). A couple of them give you a thorough rub-down fore and aft (RP3000, or about $2.75), then invite you back to their house for dinner. There you meet the husband and children of the lady that just jerked you off. I don't know. Is that strange? Seems strange to me.

Back in Jakarta it's a bit more normal — Frivolous Ladies in the park peddling 'Pom-Pom' (i.e. 'Boom-Boom'). Lots of tit-pinching . . . by them that is. It always gets right to me, like a direct connection to my lap. I wonder how come most girls are totally unaware that males can be affected thusly? Either that or they just don't bother. Except, of course, prowling sex-sellers. And where my lap leads I must follow. As they say: "Adakah buaya menolak bangkai" (i.e. "Is there a crocodile that would turn down a corpse?"). But watch out; lots of them gals ain't gals at all. They even have a contest for them: "Miss Jakarta" — very official and all, but only for "Banci" (i.e. "Sister-Boys"). It's ironic isn't it? Pre-marital sex? Perish the thought! But your neighbor's kid dresses up like a girl and goes down to Suropati Park to get buggered by a tourist . . . eh! No big

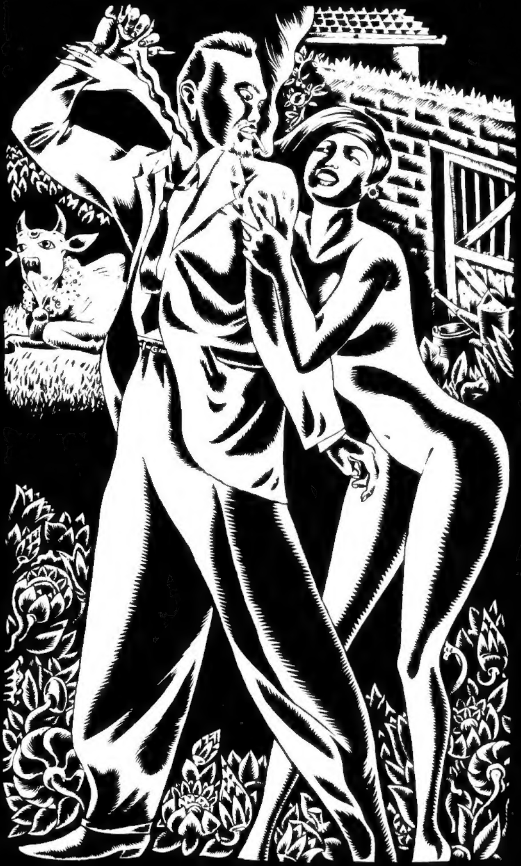


deal. And, of course, none of this even rates a notch on the scale at the top of which is that gravest of all blasphemies: Eating Pig. Wah! ..

. . .The world (at least S.E. Asia) has "Tea & Sympathy" to thank for "Sister-Boys." In that otherwise worthless movie, that's what the wimp character's rough-and-tumble friends called him. It must've got some play in post-war Japan, 'cause that's where it came into use as a term for effeminate homos. From there it spread with the G.I.s to Korea, Viet Nam and elsewhere, as did the previously alluded to "Boom-Boom."



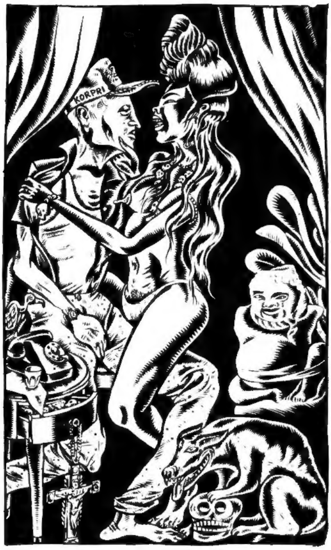
People here talked a lot about politics before 1965. Then there was an abortive coup, after which something like a million people were "pacified." Now, for some reason, people don't like to talk politics. Except becak (trishaw) drivers. They don't give a fuck about anything. You even once in a while see one proudly sporting a tattoo, which is tantamount to a capital sentence if the death squads happen to catch sight of it. Tattoo = Criminal, and said death squads are proceeding to eliminate that element from Indonesian society. I have to admit, it's pretty safe here, as long as you don't have a tattoo . . . and aren't Chinese.



The location: The garden of good King Kresna's Pleasure Palace, behind his royal residence.

The situation: Gututkaca, one of the Pandawa clan , has fallen madly in love with Pregiwa, whom he glimpsed while flying around the forest. He has subsequently sneaked into the garden in some kind of vague hope of making a play for her.

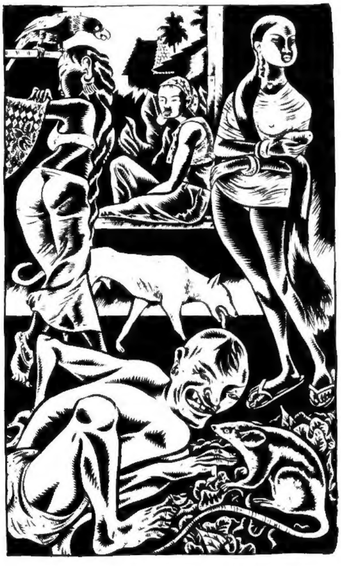
It just so happens that she's taking a bath at that moment. Gatutkaca can't help but make his presence known, but Pregiwa, who is an innocent young thing, fresh from her dad's hermitage in the woods, is altogether unaware of the possible implications of such a situation. Therefore, neither embarrassed nor alarmed, she tells him to come on out of the bushes. He comes up to her, but the close proximity of his utterly naked and dripping-wet object of passion so chokes him up that he can't even speak. So what he does is pull out his Kris and turn it on himself, perhaps in complete confusion over the difference between love and death. Prewiga, by now no doubt wondering what kind of nuts King Kresna hires for gardners, grabs his hand. That's all it took...cousins or not, one touch and their love is sealed.



In Bali, there is a sister spirit to Kuntilanak called Regregek. From the front she is a beautiful woman. But her back is open, revealing lots of disgusting entrails.

★

Just like in Eastern Europe, Javanese believe garlic will repel demons. In addition to the Kuntilanak repellant needle or scissors under baby's pillow, a good mom'll sprinkle a mixture of garlic and salt around the crib.



The Indonesian word for "Orgasm" is "Hawa Nafsu," literally "Climate of Lust."

★

Many Indonesian men claim not to like Chinese girls. They find the lubrication produced by an aroused woman to be distasteful (not that they would ever consider *tasting* it). They prefer circumcised Muslim gals. Although they no longer snip off the whole thing, the "little bit off the top" seems to keep her passion within proper bounds.

★

"Hidung di cium, pipi digigit" — Kissed on the nose, bitten on the cheek; i.e. Feigned Love.

In parts of West Java (Sunda) a boy who has just been circumcised must, for a moment, touch the bare nipple of a female relative.

★

In Manado, if they need rain they grab a few cats and give them a good bath. This usually stimulates the clouds into giving the rain.

★

"I Pick the Flesh of Your Relatives from Between My Teeth" — Old Batak (N. Sumatra) fightin' words.

The Balinese believe a witch must endure 10 years as dust, 1000 years as an earthworm, and 200,000 years as a poisonous mushroom before he or she can be reborn as a human.

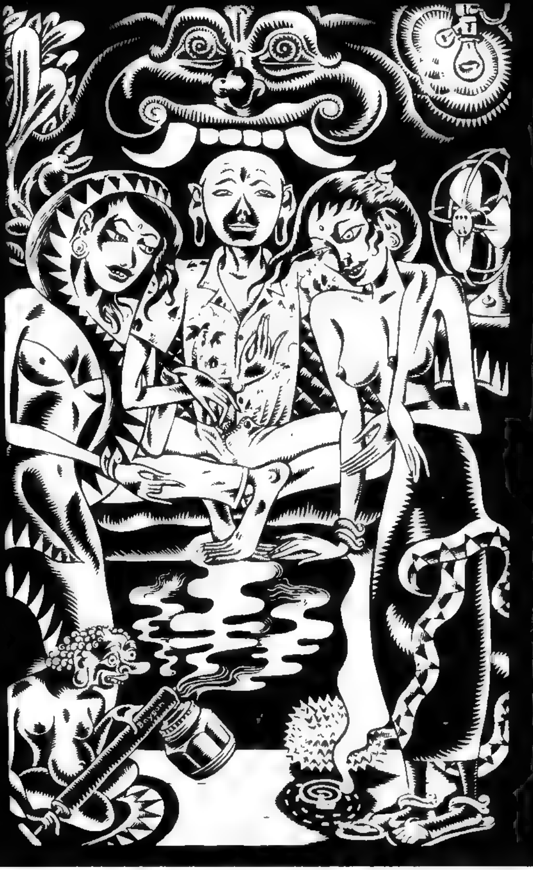
★

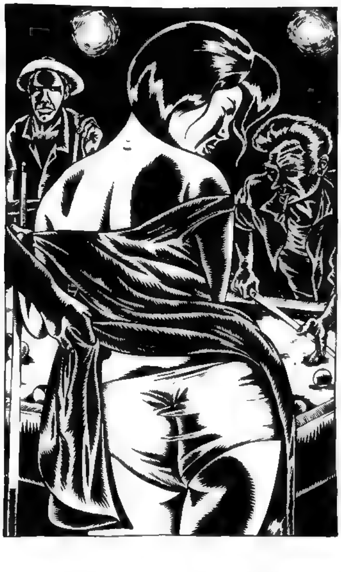
In Hell, a woman who remains childless despite frequent sex is forced to suckle a huge caterpillar. An old maid is chased by a boar which pokes her in the butt with his tusks. The message: Have Kids.

"Arjuna Wiwaha" is a Javanese spin-off from the Indian epic "Mahabharata". In this particular episode Arjuna, the hero and namesake, is in "Semadi" (ascetic meditation) on Mt. Indrakila in hopes of obtaining magic power with which to fight Niwatakawaca - a giant demon currently menacing the gods. In order to test Arjuna, the gods send down the exquisitely beautiful "Widadari" — the seven celestial nymphs, to tempt him. If he succumbs he's not their man. To quote from "Arjuna Wiwaha":

"Trustingly Supraba laid her head on his lap. So he wouldn't be nervous, the others withdrew and only one stayed behind. The Sarung was opened, and "it" looked as if "it" laughed through its own power. Then "it" looked as if it pressed together the lips, angered that it was not accepted."

Well, somehow Arjuna resisted. The nymphs left in a pique (also in love) and he was given his power, with which defeated Niwatakawaca. But lest you think Arjuna is some kind of wimp, or at best a little wierd, he was given a reward of one "night" (which lasted a month...or at least seemed to) with each nymph; not to mention kingship of heaven for that period...but I doubt if he really noticed. At the end of the week (i.e. seven months) he, probably walking a little bowlegged, went to the gods and begged them to let him return to earth. The nymphs were heartbroken of course, but his wish was granted.





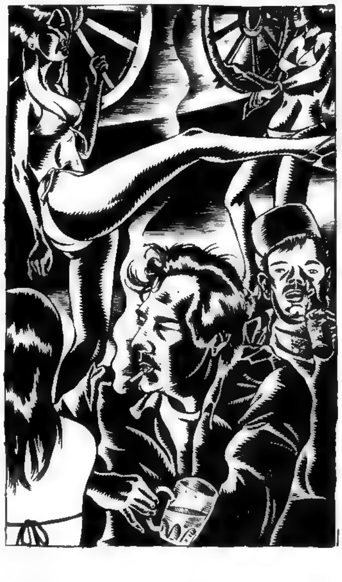
"Does man think that he lives in vain? Was he not a drop of ejected semen? He became a clot of blood, then Allah formed and molded him and gave him male and female parts. Is he then not able to raise the dead to life?"
—Al Quran (The Koran)

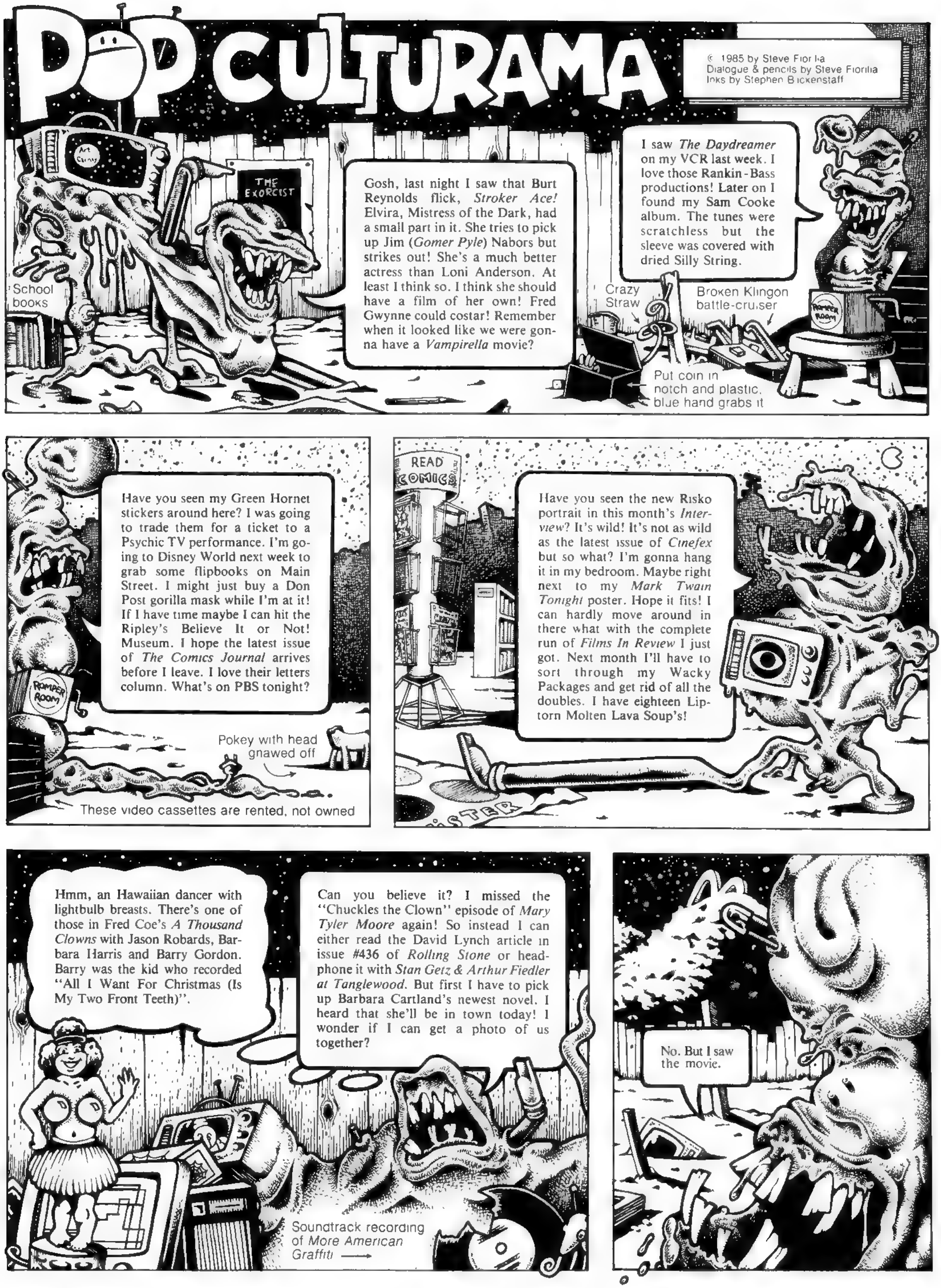
★

The Balinese ritually file down the 6 upper teeth in order to reduce the 6 main human passions: Lust, Anger, Greed, Confusion, Intoxication, and Jealousy. But they leave the bottom 6 as is. After all, no one can completely rid himself of passion.

★

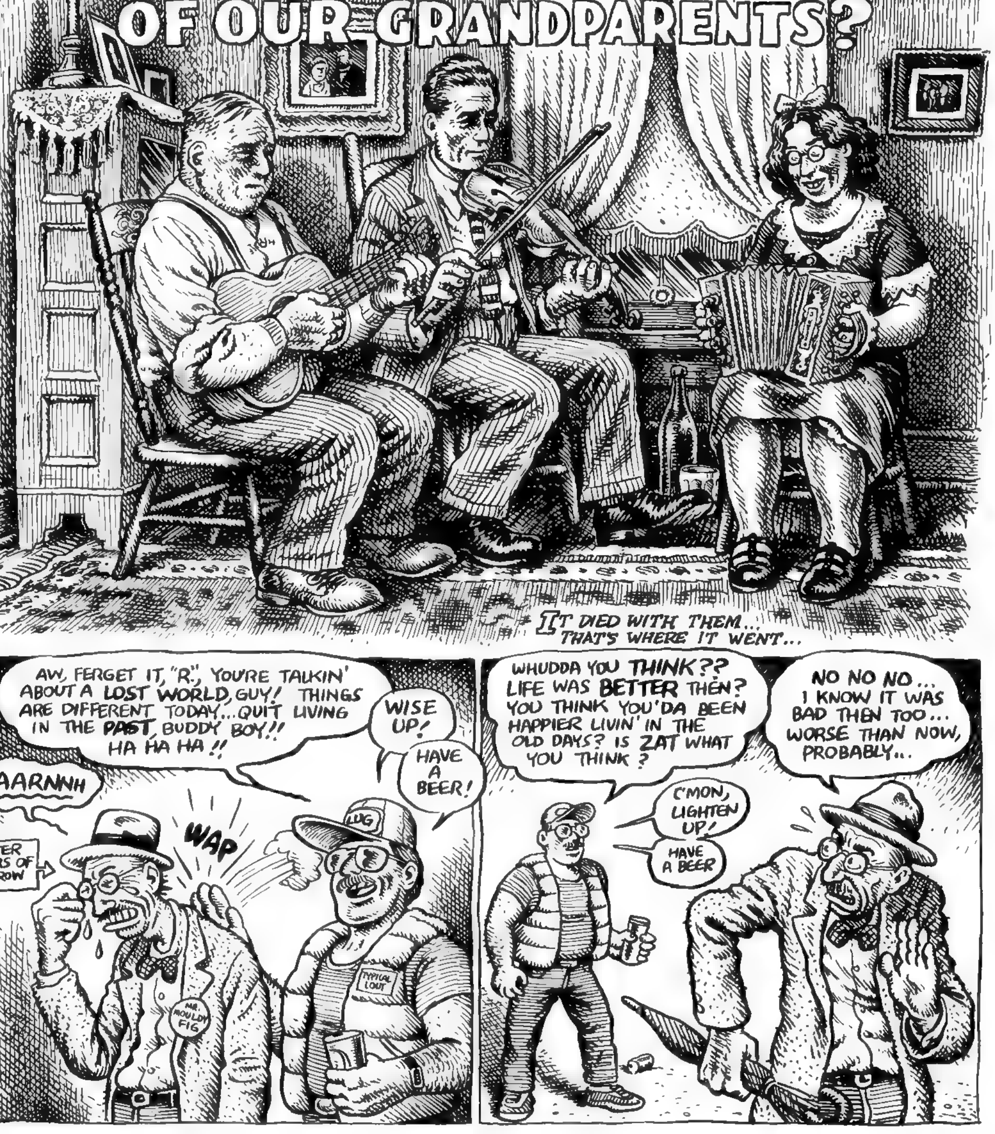
A Javanese saying: "Sing ana, ora ana; Sing ora ana, ana." Loosely translated: "That which you want, we're out of; Of that which you don't want, there's plenty." Fuckin' A!

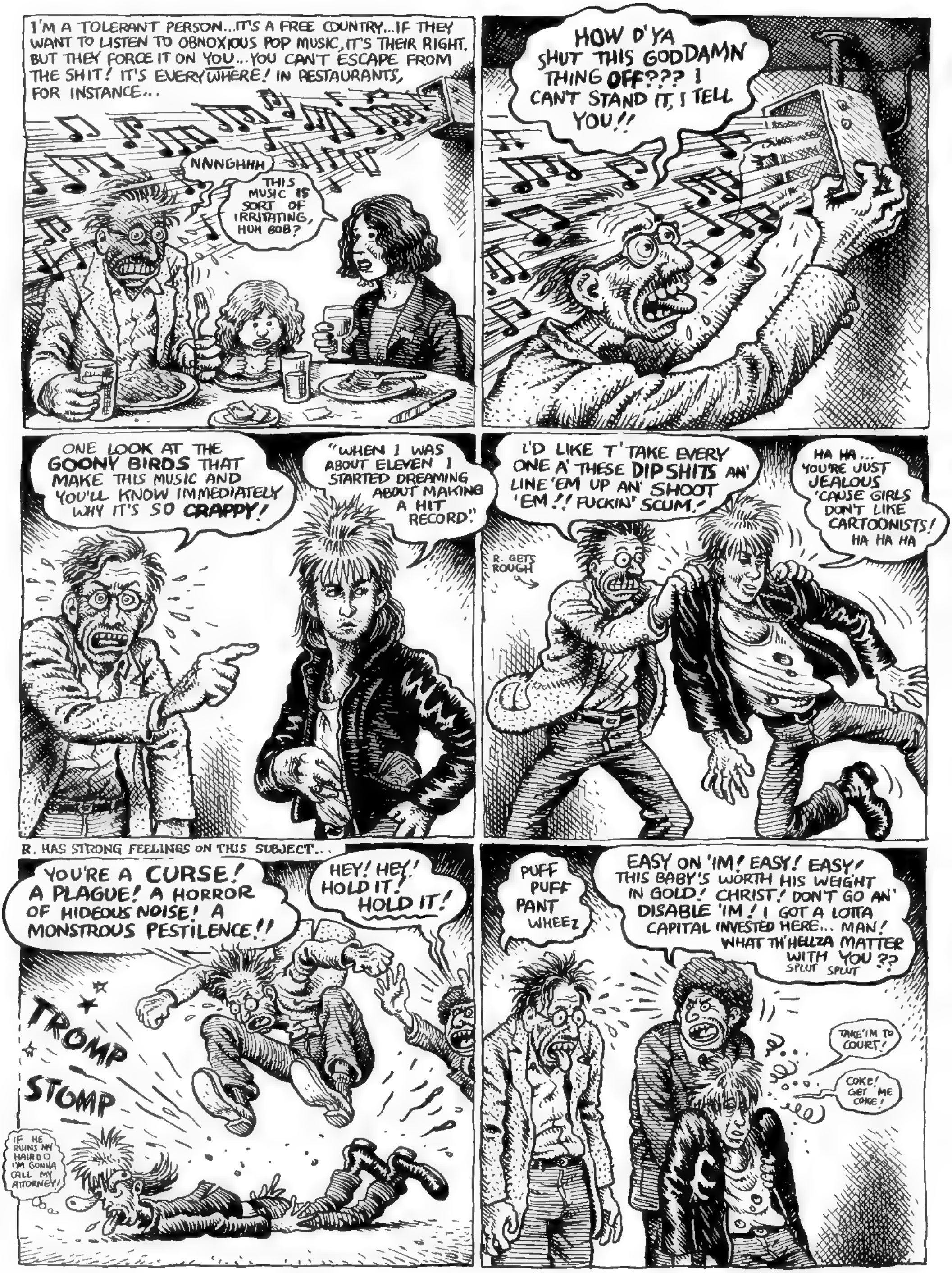


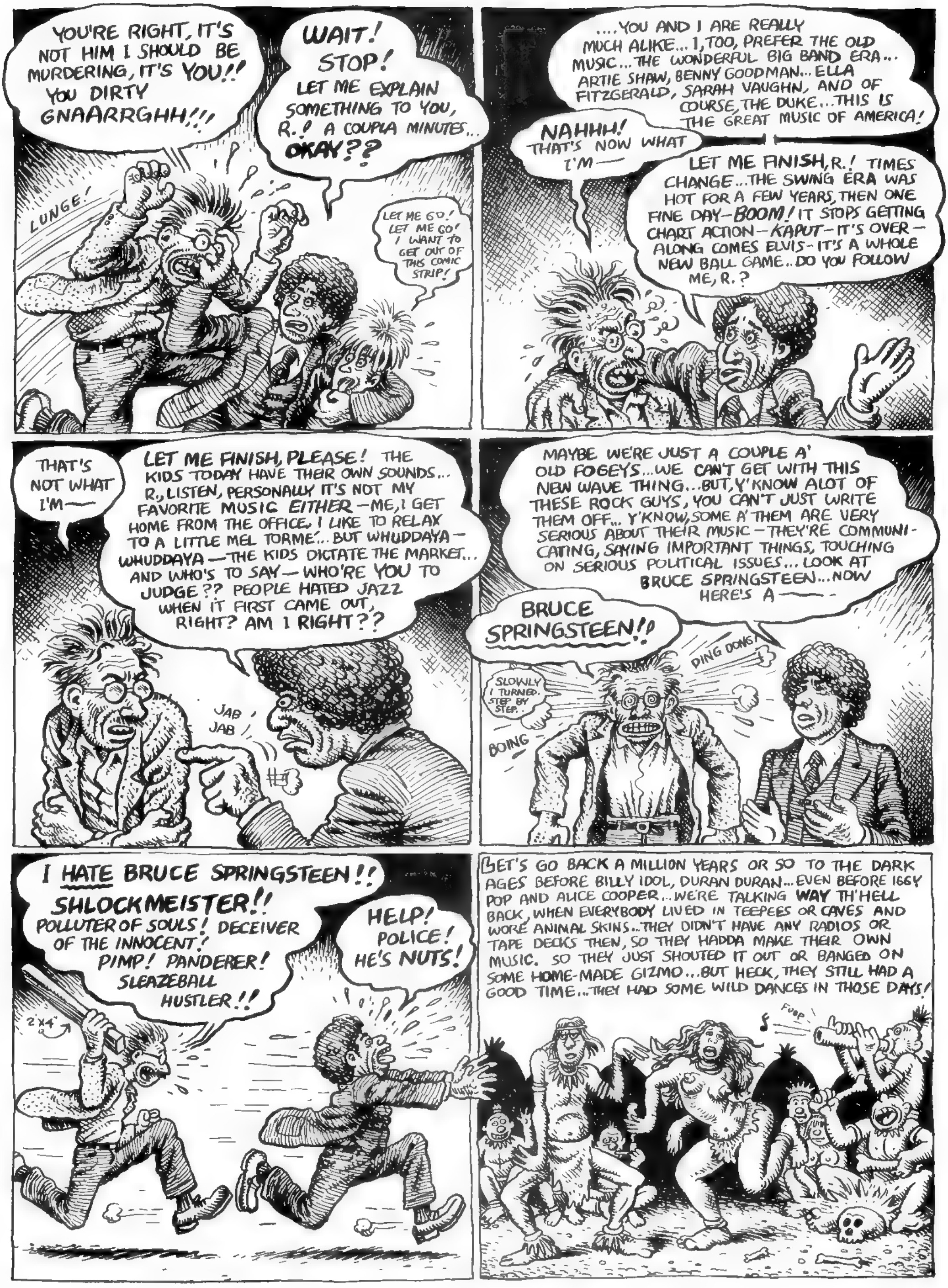

POP CULTURAMA
© 1985 by Steve Fiorilla
Dialogue & pencils by Steve Fiorilla
Inks by Stephen Bickenstaff
Art Carney
THE EXORCIST
Gosh, last night I saw that Burt Reynolds flick, *Stroker Ace!* Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, had a small part in it. She tries to pick up Jim (*Gomer Pyle*) Nabors but strikes out! She's a much better actress than Loni Anderson. At least I think so. I think she should have a film of her own! Fred Gwynne could costar! Remember when it looked like we were gonna have a *Vampirella* movie?
I saw *The Daydreamer* on my VCR last week. I love those Rankin-Bass productions! Later on I found my Sam Cooke album. The tunes were scratchless but the sleeve was covered with dried Silly String.
School books
Crazy Straw
Broken Klingon battle-cruiser
ROMPER ROOM
Put coin in notch and plastic, blue hand grabs it
Have you seen my Green Hornet stickers around here? I was going to trade them for a ticket to a Psychic TV performance. I'm going to Disney World next week to grab some flipbooks on Main Street. I might just buy a Don Post gorilla mask while I'm at it! If I have time maybe I can hit the Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum. I hope the latest issue of *The Comics Journal* arrives before I leave. I love their letters column. What's on PBS tonight?
ROMPER ROOM
Pokey with head gnawed off
These video cassettes are rented, not owned
READ COMICS
Have you seen the new Risko portrait in this month's *Interview*? It's wild! It's not as wild as the latest issue of *Cinefex* but so what? I'm gonna hang it in my bedroom. Maybe right next to my *Mark Twain Tonight* poster. Hope it fits! I can hardly move around in there what with the complete run of *Films In Review* I just got. Next month I'll have to sort through my Wacky Packages and get rid of all the doubles. I have eighteen Liptorn Molten Lava Soup's!
TWISTER
Hmm, an Hawaiian dancer with lightbulb breasts. There's one of those in Fred Coe's *A Thousand Clowns* with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris and Barry Gordon. Barry was the kid who recorded "All I Want For Christmas (Is My Two Front Teeth)".
Can you believe it? I missed the "Chuckles the Clown" episode of *Mary Tyler Moore* again! So instead I can either read the David Lynch article in issue #436 of *Rolling Stone* or headphone it with *Stan Getz & Arthur Fiedler at Tanglewood*. But first I have to pick up Barbara Cartland's newest novel. I heard that she'll be in town today! I wonder if I can get a photo of us together?
Soundtrack recording of *More American Graffiti* ⟶
No. But I saw the movie.

R. CRUMB'S DIATRIBE ON MODERN MUSIC:

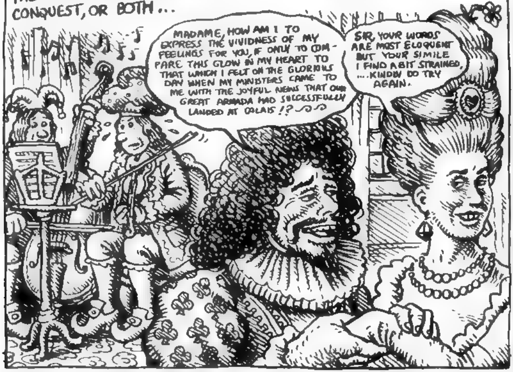
WHERE HAS IT GONE, ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OF OUR GRANDPARENTS?


IT DIED WITH THEM... THAT'S WHERE IT WENT...
AW, FERGET IT, "R.", YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT A LOST WORLD, GUY! THINGS ARE DIFFERENT TODAY... QUIT LIVING IN THE PAST, BUDDY BOY!! HA HA HA !!
WISE UP!
HAVE A BEER!
AAARNNH
WAP
BITTER TEARS OF SORROW
LUG
MR. MOULDY FIG
TYPICAL LOUT
WHUDDA YOU THINK?? LIFE WAS BETTER THEN? YOU THINK YOU'DA BEEN HAPPIER LIVIN' IN THE OLD DAYS? IS ZAT WHAT YOU THINK?
NO NO NO... I KNOW IT WAS BAD THEN TOO... WORSE THAN NOW, PROBABLY...
C'MON, LIGHTEN UP!
HAVE A BEER

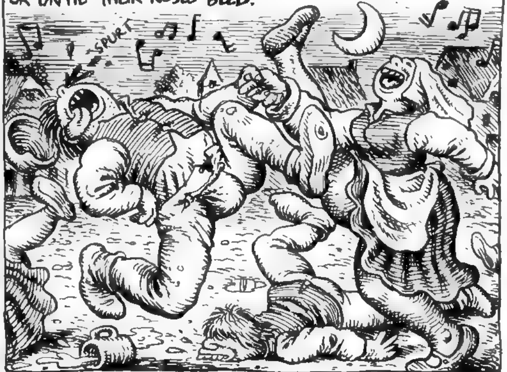

I'M A TOLERANT PERSON...IT'S A FREE COUNTRY...IF THEY WANT TO LISTEN TO OBNOXIOUS POP MUSIC, IT'S THEIR RIGHT. BUT THEY FORCE IT ON YOU...YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE SHIT! IT'S EVERYWHERE! IN RESTAURANTS, FOR INSTANCE...
NNNGHHH
THIS MUSIC IS SORT OF IRRITATING, HUH BOB?
HOW D'YA SHUT THIS GODDAMN THING OFF??? I CAN'T STAND IT, I TELL YOU!!
ONE LOOK AT THE GOONY BIRDS THAT MAKE THIS MUSIC AND YOU'LL KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHY IT'S SO CRAPPY!
"WHEN I WAS ABOUT ELEVEN I STARTED DREAMING ABOUT MAKING A HIT RECORD."
I'D LIKE T' TAKE EVERY ONE A' THESE DIPSHITS AN' LINE 'EM UP AN' SHOOT 'EM!! FUCKIN' SCUM!
HA HA... YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS 'CAUSE GIRLS DON'T LIKE CARTOONISTS! HA HA HA
R. GETS ROUGH
R. HAS STRONG FEELINGS ON THIS SUBJECT..
YOU'RE A CURSE! A PLAGUE! A HORROR OF HIDEOUS NOISE! A MONSTROUS PESTILENCE!!
HEY! HEY! HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
TROMP
STOMP
IF HE RUINS MY HAIRDO I'M GONNA CALL MY ATTORNEY!
PUFF PUFF PANT WHEEZ
EASY ON 'IM! EASY! EASY! THIS BABY'S WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD! CHRIST! DON'T GO AN' DISABLE 'IM! I GOT A LOTTA CAPITAL INVESTED HERE... MAN! WHAT TH' HELLZA MATTER WITH YOU??
SPLUT SPLUT
TAKE 'IM TO COURT!
COKE! GET ME COKE!


YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S NOT HIM I SHOULD BE MURDERING, IT'S YOU!! YOU DIRTY GNAARRGHH!!!
WAIT! STOP! LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU, R.! A COUPLA MINUTES... OKAY??
LUNGE!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO! I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS COMIC STRIP!
....YOU AND I ARE REALLY MUCH ALIKE... I, TOO, PREFER THE OLD MUSIC... THE WONDERFUL BIG BAND ERA... ARTIE SHAW, BENNY GOODMAN... ELLA FITZGERALD, SARAH VAUGHN, AND OF COURSE, THE DUKE... THIS IS THE GREAT MUSIC OF AMERICA!
NAHHH! THAT'S NOW WHAT I'M—
LET ME FINISH, R.! TIMES CHANGE... THE SWING ERA WAS HOT FOR A FEW YEARS, THEN ONE FINE DAY—BOOM! IT STOPS GETTING CHART ACTION—KAPUT—IT'S OVER—ALONG COMES ELVIS—IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME.. DO YOU FOLLOW ME, R.?
THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M—
LET ME FINISH, PLEASE! THE KIDS TODAY HAVE THEIR OWN SOUNDS... R., LISTEN, PERSONALLY IT'S NOT MY FAVORITE MUSIC EITHER—ME, I GET HOME FROM THE OFFICE, I LIKE TO RELAX TO A LITTLE MEL TORME'... BUT WHUDDAYA—WHUDDAYA—THE KIDS DICTATE THE MARKET... AND WHO'S TO SAY—WHO'RE YOU TO JUDGE?? PEOPLE HATED JAZZ WHEN IT FIRST CAME OUT, RIGHT? AM I RIGHT??
JAB JAB
MAYBE WE'RE JUST A COUPLE A' OLD FOGEYS... WE CAN'T GET WITH THIS NEW WAVE THING... BUT, Y'KNOW ALOT OF THESE ROCK GUYS, YOU CAN'T JUST WRITE THEM OFF... Y'KNOW, SOME A' THEM ARE VERY SERIOUS ABOUT THEIR MUSIC—THEY'RE COMMUNICATING, SAYING IMPORTANT THINGS, TOUCHING ON SERIOUS POLITICAL ISSUES... LOOK AT BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN... NOW HERE'S A——
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN!!
DING DONG!
SLOWLY I TURNED, STEP BY STEP..
BOING
I HATE BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN!! SHLOCKMEISTER!! POLLUTER OF SOULS! DECEIVER OF THE INNOCENT! PIMP! PANDERER! SLEAZEBALL HUSTLER!!
HELP! POLICE! HE'S NUTS!
2"x4"
LET'S GO BACK A MILLION YEARS OR SO TO THE DARK AGES BEFORE BILLY IDOL, DURAN DURAN... EVEN BEFORE IGGY POP AND ALICE COOPER... WE'RE TALKING WAY TH'HELL BACK, WHEN EVERYBODY LIVED IN TEEPEES OR CAVES AND WORE ANIMAL SKINS... THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY RADIOS OR TAPE DECKS THEN, SO THEY HADDA MAKE THEIR OWN MUSIC. SO THEY JUST SHOUTED IT OUT OR BANGED ON SOME HOME-MADE GIZMO... BUT HECK, THEY STILL HAD A GOOD TIME... THEY HAD SOME WILD DANCES IN THOSE DAYS!
FWEP

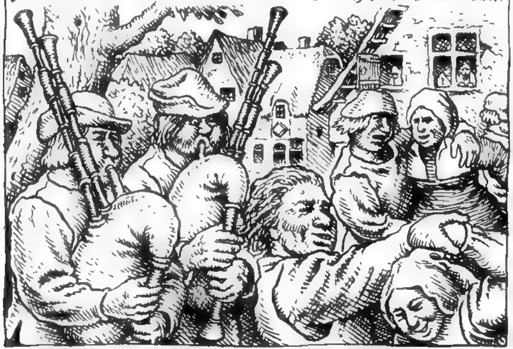
THEN CAME PROGRESS. LIFE GOT MORE COMPLICATED. THERE CAME EMPERORS, KINGS, QUEENS, PRINCES, POPES, DUKES, DUCHESSES AND SO ON. THESE ARISTOCRATS PUT HEAVY DEMANDS ON MUSICIANS. THEY WANTED SOOTHING, REFINED MUSIC AS BACKGROUND FOR THEIR ROMANTIC INTRIGUES, OR WHILE SCHEMING UP NEW WARS OF CONQUEST, OR BOTH...


MADAME, HOW AM I TO EXPRESS THE VIVIDNESS OF MY FEELINGS FOR YOU, IF ONLY TO COMPARE THIS GLOW IN MY HEART TO THAT WHICH I FELT ON THE GLORIOUS DAY WHEN MY MINISTERS CAME TO ME WITH THE JOYFUL NEWS THAT OUR GREAT ARMADA HAD SUCCESSFULLY LANDED AT CALAIS!?
SIR, YOUR WORDS ARE MOST ELOQUENT BUT YOUR SIMILE I FIND A BIT STRAINED, ...KINDLY DO TRY AGAIN.

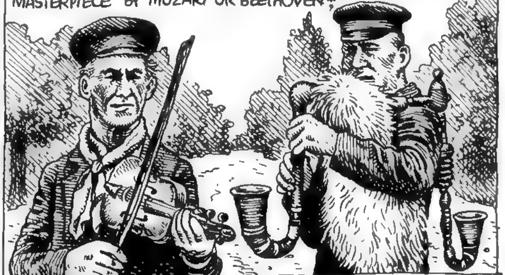
AT THE SAME TIME THE HUMBLE PEASANTS, THE POOR PEOPLE OF THE WORLD, STILL HAD THEIR LOW-DOWN FUNKY MUSIC. WHEN THESE PEOPLE GOT OFF WORK, THEY LIKED TO PARTY HARD... THEY WOULD DANCE AND JUMP AROUND ALL NIGHT OR UNTIL THEIR NOSES BLED.



THINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED ALL THAT MUCH, YOU MIGHT SAY, BUT WAIT... THERE ARE SOME SUBTLE DIFFERENCES. MUSICIANS DIDN'T HAVE MICROPHONES OR AMPLIFIERS IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, SO THEY DIDN'T NEED ROAD MANAGERS TO HAUL THEIR EQUIPMENT AROUND FOR THEM. ALSO, THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT VIDEO RIGHTS OR MERCHANDISING CLOUT, THINGS LIKE THAT.

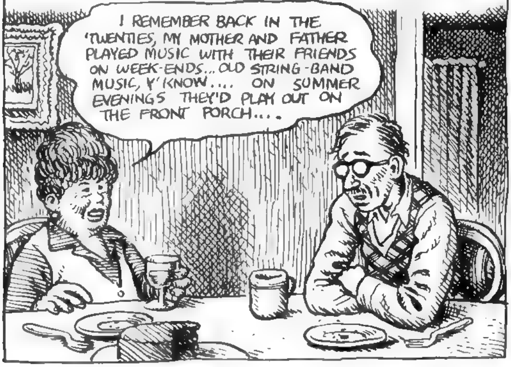


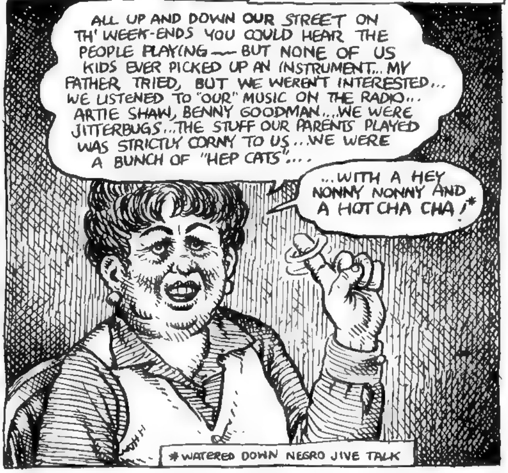
SOME MUSICIANS IN OLDEN TIMES WERE DISREPUTABLE CHARACTERS WHO WANDERED FROM TOWN TO TOWN JUST LIKE NOW, BUT MOST WERE ORDINARY PEOPLE WHO HAD STRONG TIES TO THEIR FAMILY, VILLAGE, REGION... THEY PLAYED IN THE LOCAL STYLE, LEARNED FROM THEIR RELATIVES AND NEIGHBORS. COMMON PEOPLE OF THE LOWEST CLASSES SPOKE ON THEIR FIDDLES WITH A FIERCENESS AND BEAUTY THAT COULD MOVE AND EXCITE THE HEART AS DEEPLY AS ANY OFFICIAL "MASTERPIECE" BY MOZART OR BEETHOVEN!*



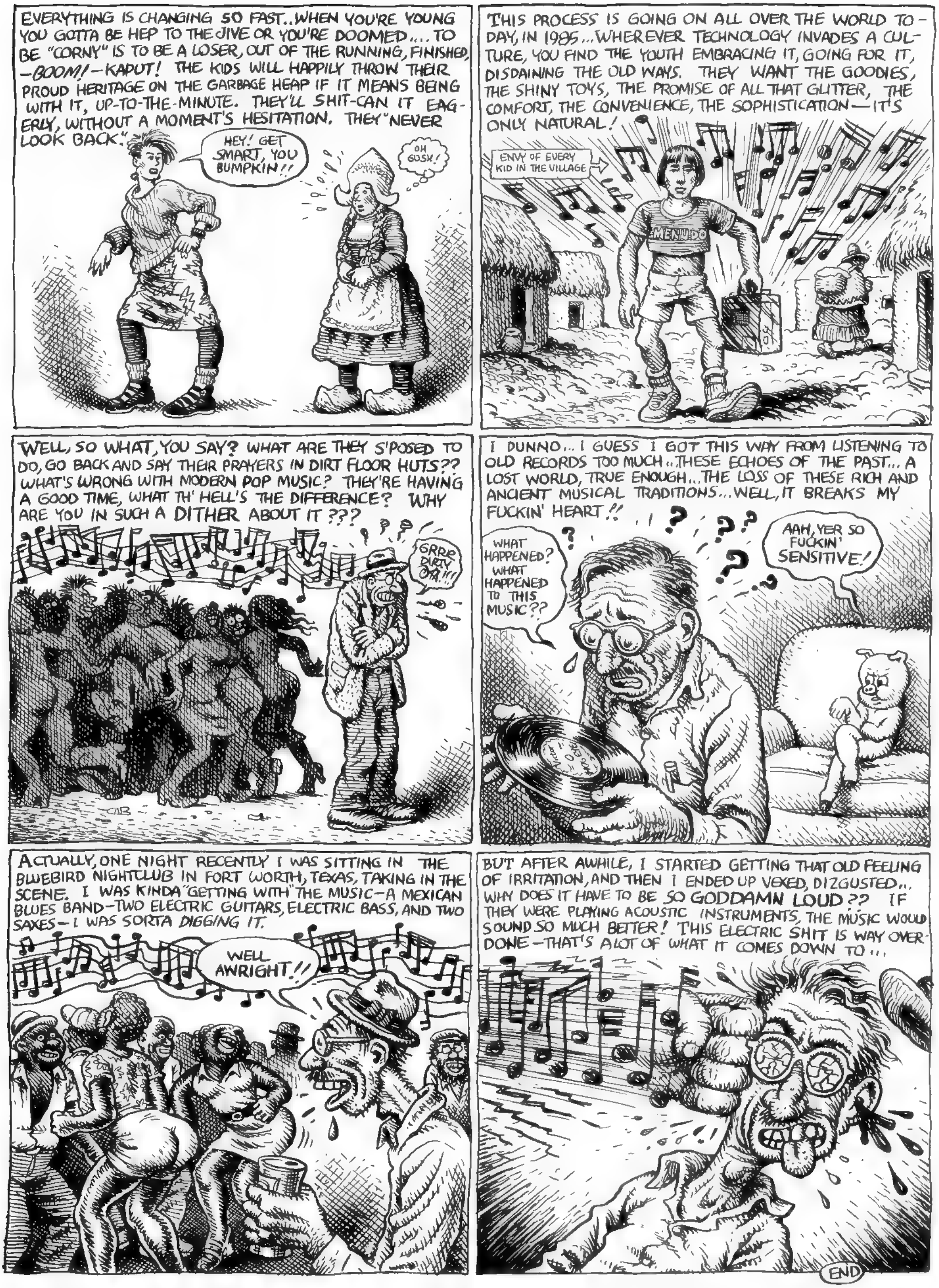
* DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT... LISTEN TO SOME OLD RECORDS PUT OUT ON REISSUE ALBUMS...

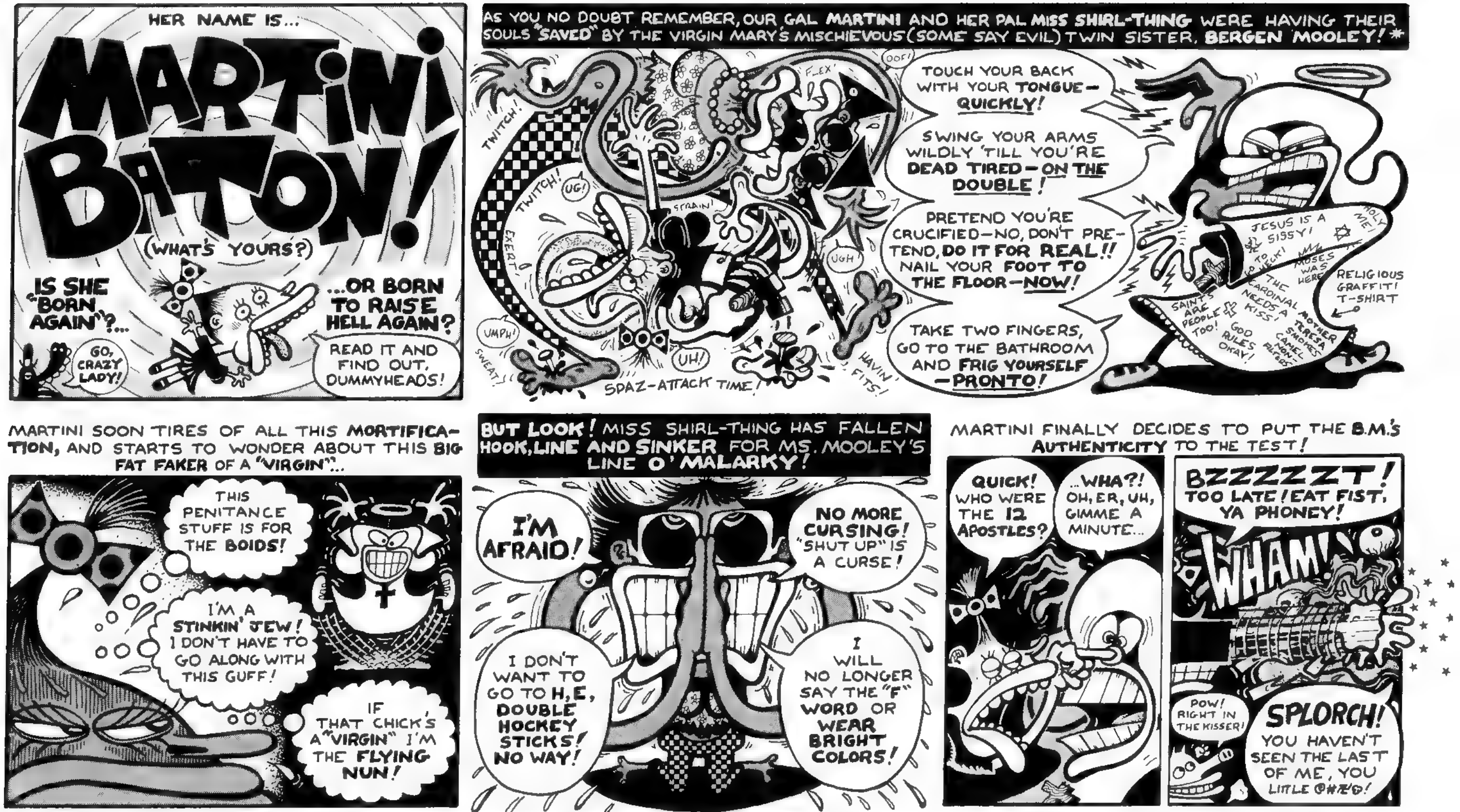
AND WHILE THE OLD WAYS OF PLAYING MUSIC (NOW CALLED "FOLK" MUSIC) DIDN'T CHANGE VERY MUCH OVER THE CENTURIES, THE ABSENCE OF FORMALISTIC RESTRICTIONS LEFT THE MUSICIANS ALOT OF FREEDOM TO EXPRESS THEIR OWN UNIQUENESS. THIS IS HOW IT WAS RIGHT UP TO OUR GRANDPARENTS' GENERATION! ..AND THEN, AS MY DEAR OLD MOTHER ONCE TOLD ME —

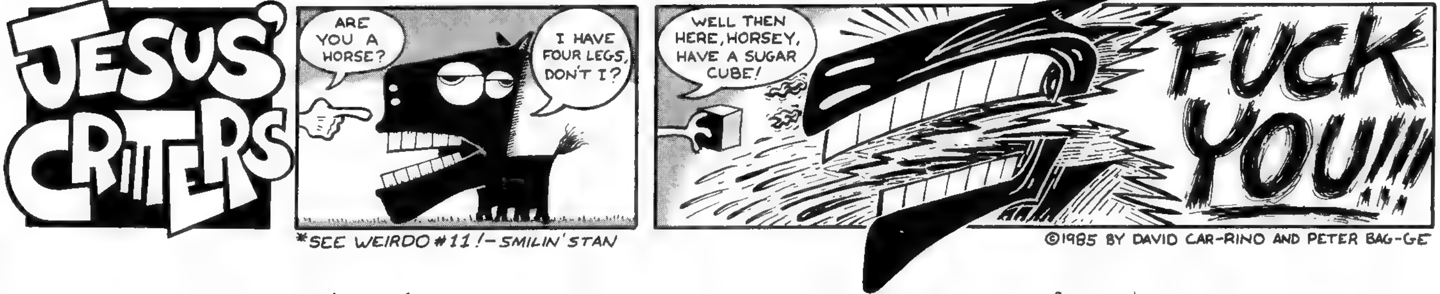

I REMEMBER BACK IN THE 'TWENTIES, MY MOTHER AND FATHER PLAYED MUSIC WITH THEIR FRIENDS ON WEEK-ENDS... OLD STRING-BAND MUSIC, Y'KNOW.... ON SUMMER EVENINGS THEY'D PLAY OUT ON THE FRONT PORCH....


ALL UP AND DOWN OUR STREET ON TH' WEEK-ENDS YOU COULD HEAR THE PEOPLE PLAYING — BUT NONE OF US KIDS EVER PICKED UP AN INSTRUMENT... MY FATHER TRIED, BUT WE WEREN'T INTERESTED... WE LISTENED TO "OUR" MUSIC ON THE RADIO... ARTIE SHAW, BENNY GOODMAN... WE WERE JITTERBUGS... THE STUFF OUR PARENTS PLAYED WAS STRICTLY CORNY TO US... WE WERE A BUNCH OF "HEP CATS"....
...WITH A HEY NONNY NONNY AND A HOT CHA CHA!*

* WATERED DOWN NEGRO JIVE TALK


EVERYTHING IS CHANGING SO FAST.. WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG YOU GOTTA BE HEP TO THE JIVE OR YOU'RE DOOMED.... TO BE "CORNY" IS TO BE A LOSER, OUT OF THE RUNNING, FINISHED, —BOOM!—KAPUT! THE KIDS WILL HAPPILY THROW THEIR PROUD HERITAGE ON THE GARBAGE HEAP IF IT MEANS BEING WITH IT, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE. THEY'LL SHIT-CAN IT EAGERLY, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION. THEY "NEVER LOOK BACK."
HEY! GET SMART, YOU BUMPKIN!!
OH GOSH!
THIS PROCESS IS GOING ON ALL OVER THE WORLD TODAY, IN 1985... WHEREVER TECHNOLOGY INVADES A CULTURE, YOU FIND THE YOUTH EMBRACING IT, GOING FOR IT, DISDAINING THE OLD WAYS. THEY WANT THE GOODIES, THE SHINY TOYS, THE PROMISE OF ALL THAT GLITTER, THE COMFORT, THE CONVENIENCE, THE SOPHISTICATION—IT'S ONLY NATURAL!
ENVY OF EVERY KID IN THE VILLAGE
MENUDO
WELL, SO WHAT, YOU SAY? WHAT ARE THEY S'POSED TO DO, GO BACK AND SAY THEIR PRAYERS IN DIRT FLOOR HUTS?? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MODERN POP MUSIC? THEY'RE HAVING A GOOD TIME, WHAT TH' HELL'S THE DIFFERENCE? WHY ARE YOU IN SUCH A DITHER ABOUT IT ???
GRRR DIRTY
I DUNNO... I GUESS I GOT THIS WAY FROM LISTENING TO OLD RECORDS TOO MUCH.. THESE ECHOES OF THE PAST... A LOST WORLD, TRUE ENOUGH... THE LOSS OF THESE RICH AND ANCIENT MUSICAL TRADITIONS... WELL, IT BREAKS MY FUCKIN' HEART!!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS MUSIC??
AAH, YER SO FUCKIN' SENSITIVE!
ACTUALLY, ONE NIGHT RECENTLY I WAS SITTING IN THE BLUEBIRD NIGHTCLUB IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS, TAKING IN THE SCENE. I WAS KINDA "GETTING WITH" THE MUSIC—A MEXICAN BLUES BAND—TWO ELECTRIC GUITARS, ELECTRIC BASS, AND TWO SAXES—I WAS SORTA DIGGING IT.
WELL AWRIGHT!!!
BUT AFTER AWHILE, I STARTED GETTING THAT OLD FEELING OF IRRITATION, AND THEN I ENDED UP VEXED, DIZGUSTED.. WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE SO GODDAMN LOUD?? IF THEY WERE PLAYING ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENTS, THE MUSIC WOULD SOUND SO MUCH BETTER! THIS ELECTRIC SHIT IS WAY OVERDONE—THAT'S ALOT OF WHAT IT COMES DOWN TO...
END


HER NAME IS...
MARTINI BATON!
(WHAT'S YOURS?)
IS SHE "BORN AGAIN"?...
...OR BORN TO RAISE HELL AGAIN?
READ IT AND FIND OUT, DUMMYHEADS!
GO, CRAZY LADY!
AS YOU NO DOUBT REMEMBER, OUR GAL MARTINI AND HER PAL MISS SHIRL-THING WERE HAVING THEIR SOULS "SAVED" BY THE VIRGIN MARY'S MISCHIEVOUS (SOME SAY EVIL) TWIN SISTER, BERGEN MOOLEY! *
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
EXERT
UG!
STRAIN!
FLEX!
OOF!
UGH!
UMPH!
SWEAT!
UH!
SPAZ-ATTACK TIME!
HAVIN' FITS!
TOUCH YOUR BACK WITH YOUR TONGUE—QUICKLY!
SWING YOUR ARMS WILDLY 'TILL YOU'RE DEAD TIRED—ON THE DOUBLE!
PRETEND YOU'RE CRUCIFIED—NO, DON'T PRETEND, DO IT FOR REAL!! NAIL YOUR FOOT TO THE FLOOR—NOW!
TAKE TWO FINGERS, GO TO THE BATHROOM AND FRIG YOURSELF—PRONTO!
JESUS IS A SISSY!
HOLY ME!
TO HECK!
MOSES WAS HERE
THE CARDINAL NEEDS A KISS!
MOTHER TERESA SMOKES CAMEL MENTHOLS
SAINTS ARE PEOPLE TOO!
GOD RULES OKAY!
RELIGIOUS GRAFFITI T-SHIRT
MARTINI SOON TIRES OF ALL THIS MORTIFICATION, AND STARTS TO WONDER ABOUT THIS BIG FAT FAKER OF A "VIRGIN"...
THIS PENITANCE STUFF IS FOR THE BOIDS!
I'M A STINKIN' JEW! I DON'T HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH THIS GUFF!
IF THAT CHICK'S A "VIRGIN" I'M THE FLYING NUN!
BUT LOOK! MISS SHIRL-THING HAS FALLEN HOOK, LINE AND SINKER FOR MS. MOOLEY'S LINE O' MALARKY!
I'M AFRAID!
NO MORE CURSING! "SHUT UP" IS A CURSE!
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO H, E, DOUBLE HOCKEY STICKS! NO WAY!
I WILL NO LONGER SAY THE "F" WORD OR WEAR BRIGHT COLORS!
MARTINI FINALLY DECIDES TO PUT THE B.M.'S AUTHENTICITY TO THE TEST!
QUICK! WHO WERE THE 12 APOSTLES?
...WHA?! OH, ER, UH, GIMME A MINUTE...
BZZZZZT! TOO LATE! EAT FIST, YA PHONEY!
WHAM!
POW! RIGHT IN THE KISSER!
SPLORCH!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME, YOU LITTLE @#?&!


JESUS' CRITTERS
ARE YOU A HORSE?
I HAVE FOUR LEGS, DON'T I?
WELL THEN HERE, HORSEY, HAVE A SUGAR CUBE!
FUCK YOU!!!

*SEE WEIRDO #11! – SMILIN' STAN

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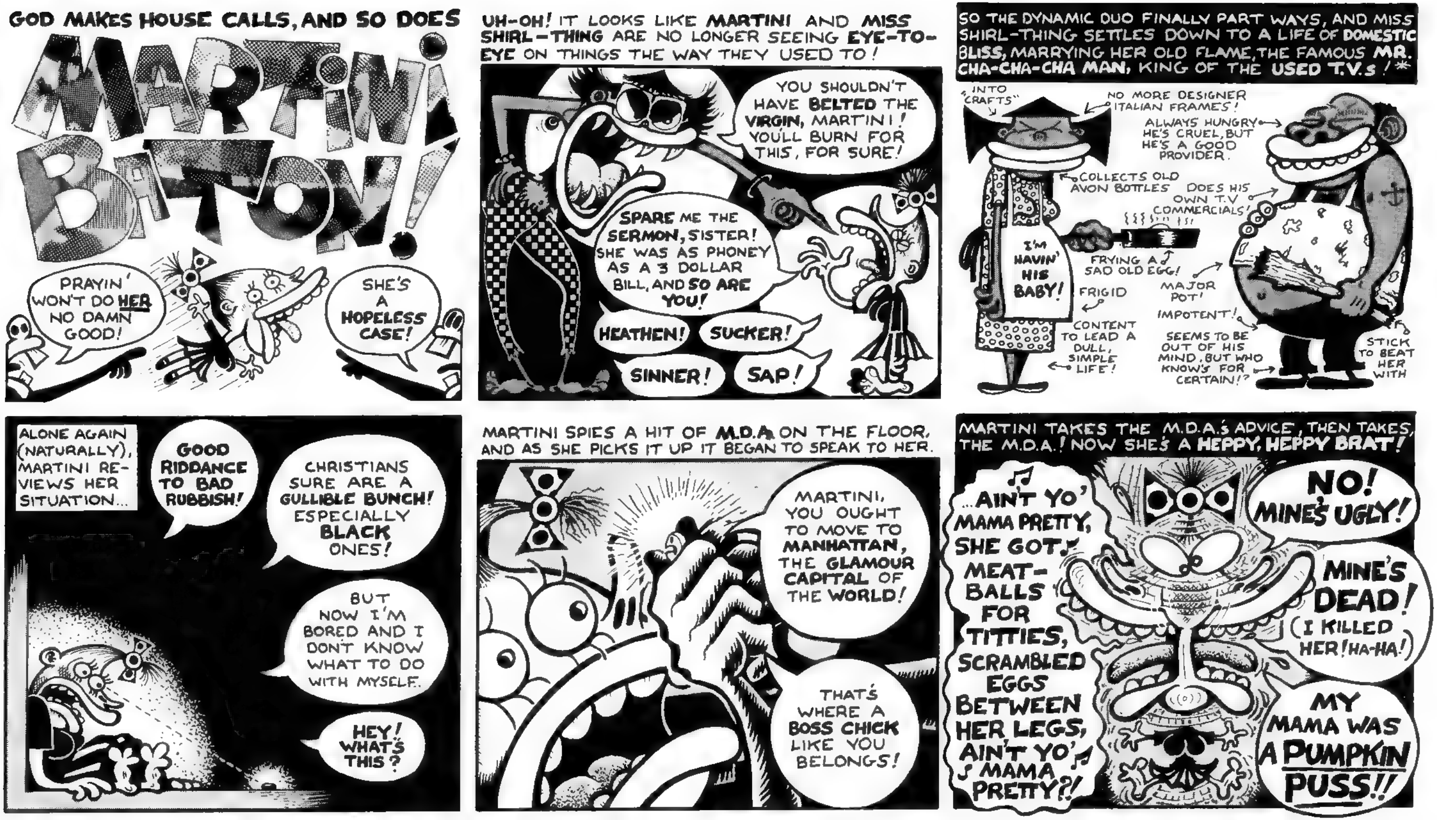
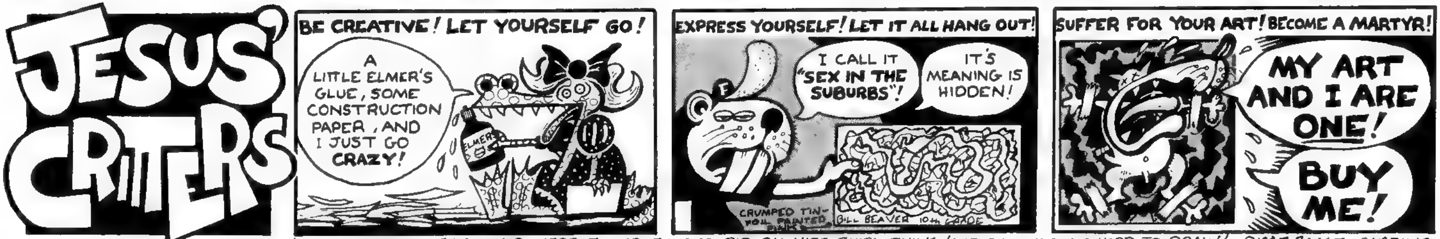
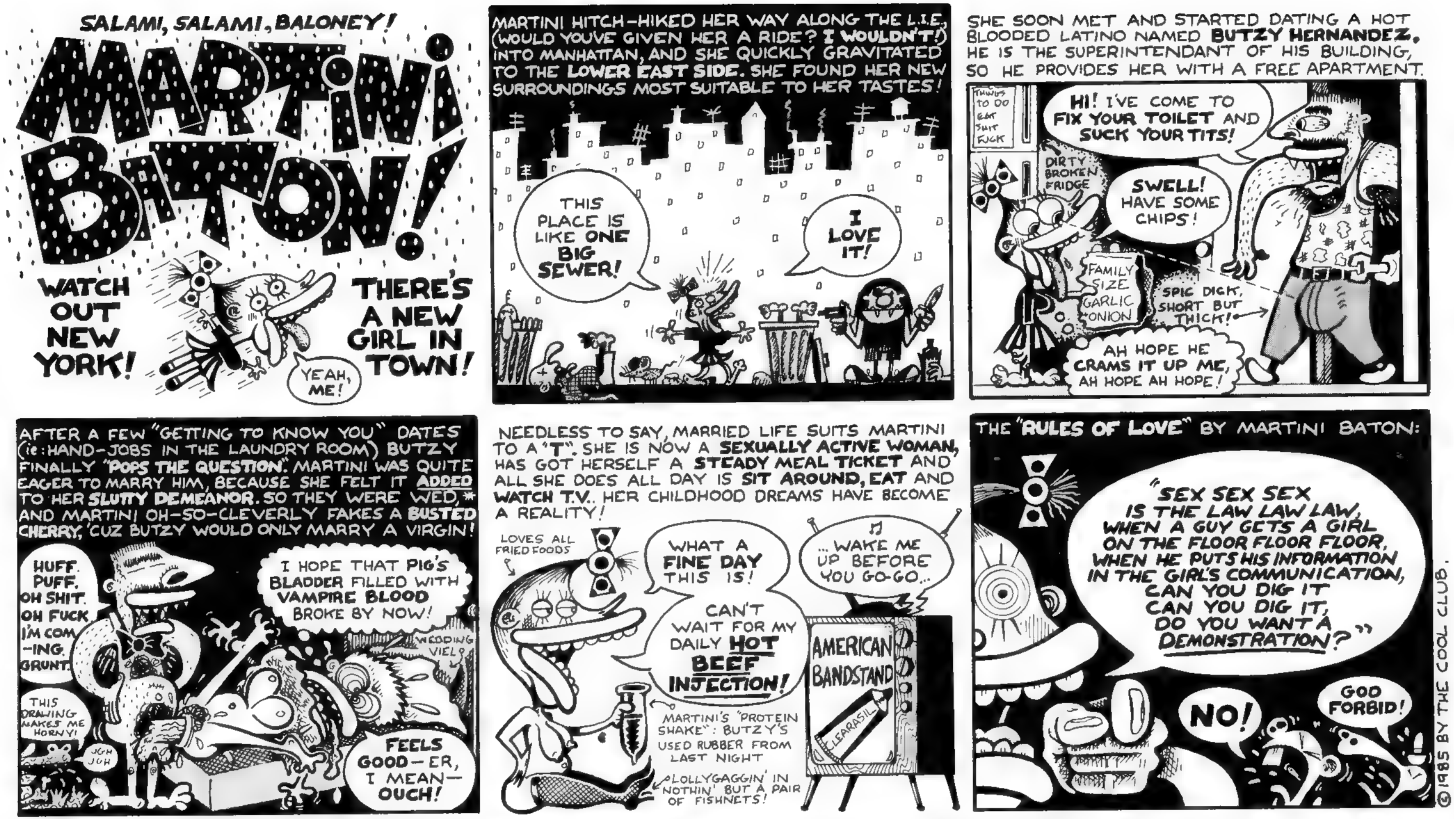
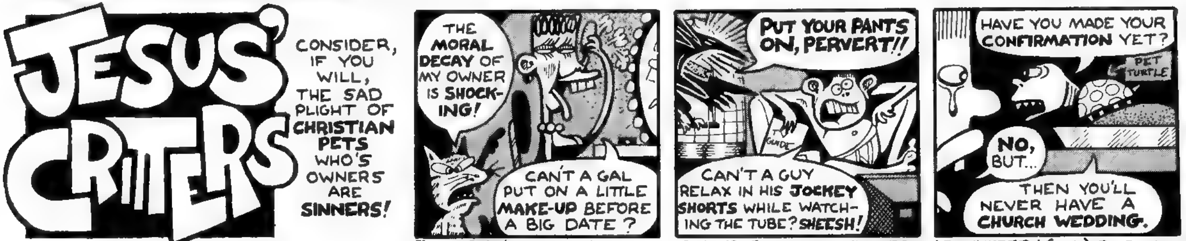

GOD MAKES HOUSE CALLS, AND SO DOES
MARTINI BATON!
PRAYIN' WON'T DO HER NO DAMN GOOD!
SHE'S A HOPELESS CASE!
UH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE MARTINI AND MISS SHIRL-THING ARE NO LONGER SEEING EYE-TO-EYE ON THINGS THE WAY THEY USED TO!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BELTED THE VIRGIN, MARTINI! YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS, FOR SURE!
SPARE ME THE SERMON, SISTER! SHE WAS AS PHONEY AS A 3 DOLLAR BILL, AND SO ARE YOU!
HEATHEN!
SUCKER!
SINNER!
SAP!
SO THE DYNAMIC DUO FINALLY PART WAYS, AND MISS SHIRL-THING SETTLES DOWN TO A LIFE OF DOMESTIC BLISS, MARRYING HER OLD FLAME, THE FAMOUS MR. CHA-CHA-CHA MAN, KING OF THE USED T.V.s!*
INTO "CRAFTS"
NO MORE DESIGNER ITALIAN FRAMES!
ALWAYS HUNGRY
HE'S CRUEL, BUT HE'S A GOOD PROVIDER.
COLLECTS OLD AVON BOTTLES
DOES HIS OWN T.V COMMERCIALS!
I'M HAVIN' HIS BABY!
FRYING A SAD OLD EGG!
FRIGID
MAJOR POT!
IMPOTENT!
CONTENT TO LEAD A DULL, SIMPLE LIFE!
SEEMS TO BE OUT OF HIS MIND, BUT WHO KNOW'S FOR CERTAIN!?
STICK TO BEAT HER WITH
ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY), MARTINI REVIEWS HER SITUATION...
GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH!
CHRISTIANS SURE ARE A GULLIBLE BUNCH! ESPECIALLY BLACK ONES!
BUT NOW I'M BORED AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF.
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
MARTINI SPIES A HIT OF M.D.A. ON THE FLOOR, AND AS SHE PICKS IT UP IT BEGAN TO SPEAK TO HER.
MARTINI, YOU OUGHT TO MOVE TO MANHATTAN, THE GLAMOUR CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!
THAT'S WHERE A BOSS CHICK LIKE YOU BELONGS!
MARTINI TAKES THE M.D.A.'s ADVICE, THEN TAKES THE M.D.A.! NOW SHE'S A HEPPY, HEPPY BRAT!
...AIN'T YO' MAMA PRETTY, SHE GOT MEAT-BALLS FOR TITTIES, SCRAMBLED EGGS BETWEEN HER LEGS, AIN'T YO' MAMA PRETTY?!
NO! MINE'S UGLY!
MINE'S DEAD! (I KILLED HER! HA-HA!)
MY MAMA WAS A PUMPKIN PUSS!!

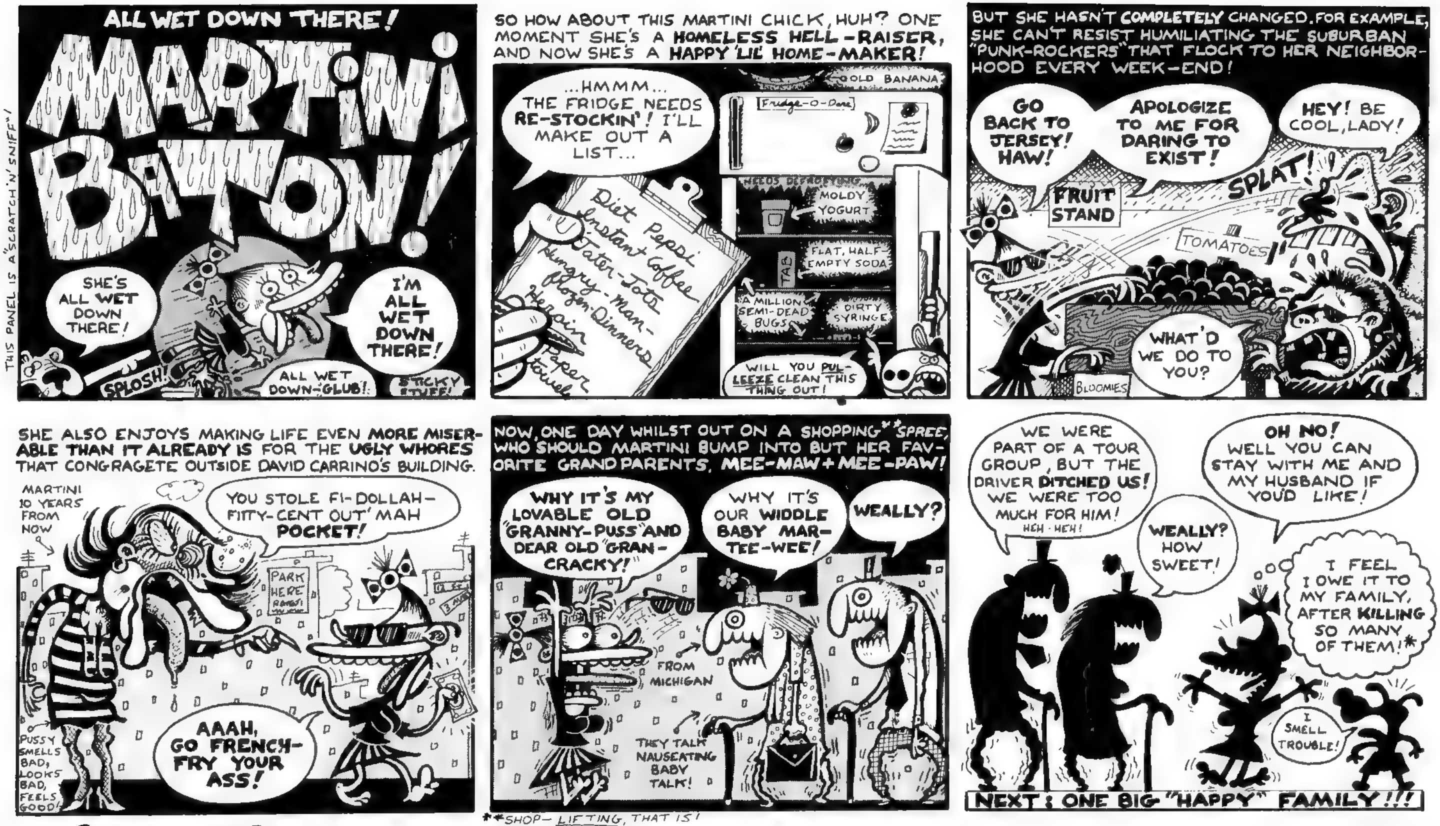

JESUS' CRITERS
BE CREATIVE! LET YOURSELF GO!
A LITTLE ELMER'S GLUE, SOME CONSTRUCTION PAPER, AND I JUST GO CRAZY!
ELMER'S
EXPRESS YOURSELF! LET IT ALL HANG OUT!
I CALL IT "SEX IN THE SUBURBS"!
IT'S MEANING IS HIDDEN!
F
CRUMPED TIN-FOIL PAINTED PINK
BILL BEAVER 10th GRADE
SUFFER FOR YOUR ART! BECOME A MARTYR!
MY ART AND I ARE ONE!
BUY ME!

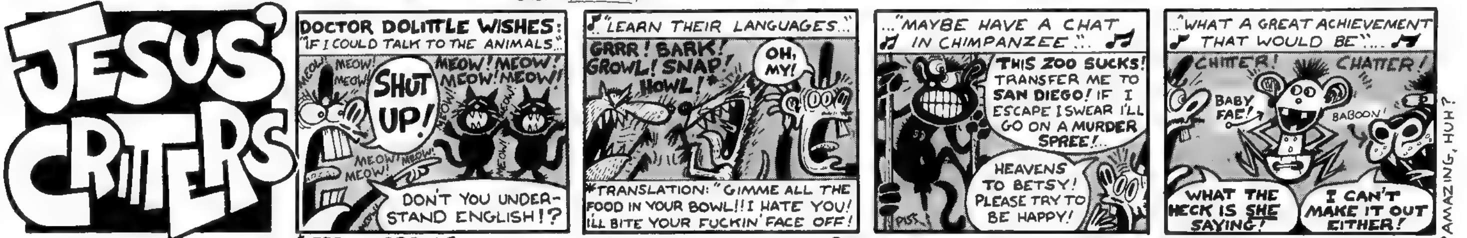
*THE AUTHORS OF THIS STRIP WERE EAGER TO GET RID OF MISS SHIRL-THING 'CUZ SHE WAS TOO HARD TO DRAW! — ©1985 BAGGE + CARRINO


SALAMI, SALAMI, BALONEY!
MARTINI BATON!
WATCH OUT NEW YORK!
THERE'S A NEW GIRL IN TOWN!
YEAH, ME!
MARTINI HITCH-HIKED HER WAY ALONG THE L.I.E. (WOULD YOU'VE GIVEN HER A RIDE? I WOULDN'T!) INTO MANHATTAN, AND SHE QUICKLY GRAVITATED TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE. SHE FOUND HER NEW SURROUNDINGS MOST SUITABLE TO HER TASTES!
THIS PLACE IS LIKE ONE BIG SEWER!
I LOVE IT!
SHE SOON MET AND STARTED DATING A HOT BLOODED LATINO NAMED BUTZY HERNANDEZ. HE IS THE SUPERINTENDANT OF HIS BUILDING, SO HE PROVIDES HER WITH A FREE APARTMENT.
THINGS TO DO EAT SHIT FUCK
DIRTY BROKEN FRIDGE
HI! I'VE COME TO FIX YOUR TOILET AND SUCK YOUR TITS!
SWELL! HAVE SOME CHIPS!
FAMILY SIZE GARLIC ONION
SPIC DICK, SHORT BUT THICK!
AH HOPE HE CRAMS IT UP ME, AH HOPE AH HOPE!
AFTER A FEW "GETTING TO KNOW YOU" DATES (ie: HAND-JOBS IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM) BUTZY FINALLY "POPS THE QUESTION". MARTINI WAS QUITE EAGER TO MARRY HIM, BECAUSE SHE FELT IT ADDED TO HER SLUTTY DEMEANOR. SO THEY WERE WED,* AND MARTINI OH-SO-CLEVERLY FAKES A BUSTED CHERRY, 'CUZ BUTZY WOULD ONLY MARRY A VIRGIN!
HUFF. PUFF. OH SHIT. OH FUCK. I'M COM-ING. GRUNT.
I HOPE THAT PIG'S BLADDER FILLED WITH VAMPIRE BLOOD BROKE BY NOW!
WEDDING VIEL
THIS DRAWING MAKES ME HORNY!
UGH UGH
FEELS GOOD—ER, I MEAN—OUCH!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, MARRIED LIFE SUITS MARTINI TO A "T". SHE IS NOW A SEXUALLY ACTIVE WOMAN, HAS GOT HERSELF A STEADY MEAL TICKET AND ALL SHE DOES ALL DAY IS SIT AROUND, EAT AND WATCH T.V.. HER CHILDHOOD DREAMS HAVE BECOME A REALITY!
LOVES ALL FRIED FOODS
WHAT A FINE DAY THIS IS!
CAN'T WAIT FOR MY DAILY HOT BEEF INJECTION!
♪ ...WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO-GO...
AMERICAN BANDSTAND
CLEARASIL
MARTINI'S "PROTEIN SHAKE": BUTZY'S USED RUBBER FROM LAST NIGHT
LOLLYGAGGIN' IN NOTHIN' BUT A PAIR OF FISHNETS!
THE "RULES OF LOVE" BY MARTINI BATON:
"SEX SEX SEX IS THE LAW LAW LAW, WHEN A GUY GETS A GIRL ON THE FLOOR FLOOR FLOOR, WHEN HE PUTS HIS INFORMATION IN THE GIRL'S COMMUNICATION, CAN YOU DIG IT CAN YOU DIG IT, DO YOU WANT A DEMONSTRATION?"
NO!
GOD FORBID!
© 1985 BY THE COOL CLUB.


JESUS' CRITTERS
CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE SAD PLIGHT OF CHRISTIAN PETS WHO'S OWNERS ARE SINNERS!
THE MORAL DECAY OF MY OWNER IS SHOCKING!
CAN'T A GAL PUT ON A LITTLE MAKE-UP BEFORE A BIG DATE?
PUT YOUR PANT'S ON, PERVERT!!
TV GUIDE
CAN'T A GUY RELAX IN HIS JOCKEY SHORTS WHILE WATCHING THE TUBE? SHEESH!
HAVE YOU MADE YOUR CONFIRMATION YET?
PET TURTLE
NO, BUT...
THEN YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A CHURCH WEDDING.
OF COURSE, SOME CRITTERS ARE PRETTY BAD TOO!
DO THAT IN THE BARN!
FUCK YOU! WE'RE MARRIED CRITTERS!
WEDDING RINGS

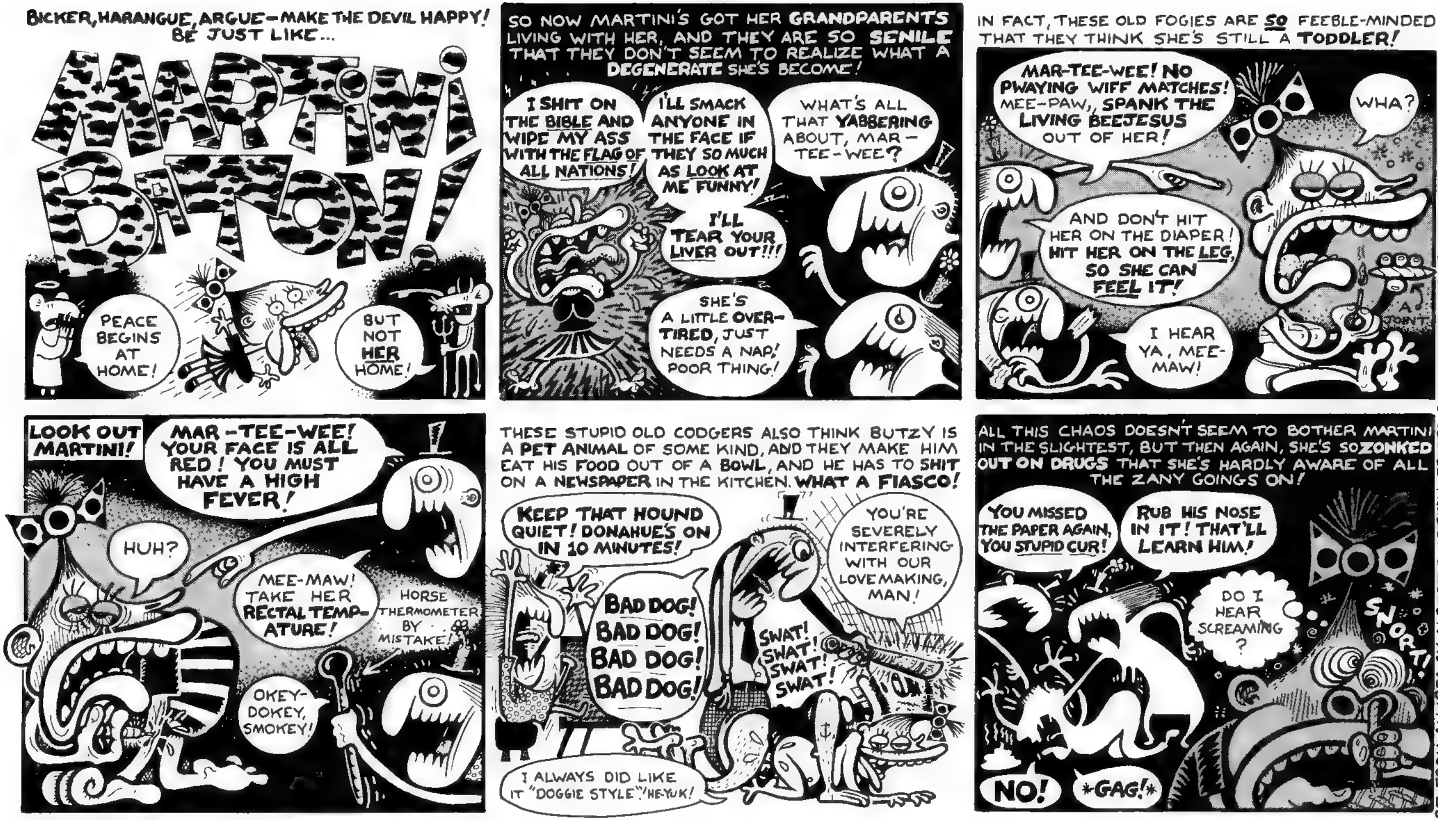
*WE DIDN'T SHOW YOU THE WEDDING BECAUSE WE WEREN'T INVITED! (SOB!) BUT WE HEARD IT WAS NO BIG DEAL.

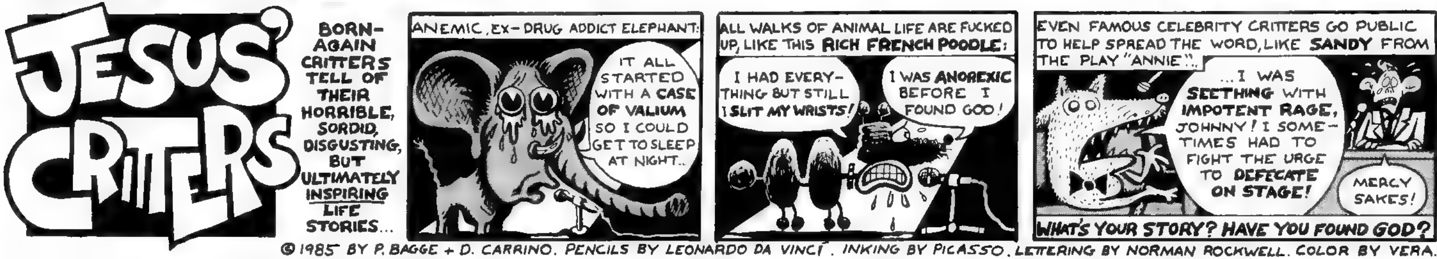

ALL WET DOWN THERE!
MARTINI BATON!
THIS PANEL IS A "SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF"!
SHE'S ALL WET DOWN THERE!
I'M ALL WET DOWN THERE!
SPLOSH!
ALL WET DOWN-GLUB!
STICKY STUFF!
SO HOW ABOUT THIS MARTINI CHICK, HUH? ONE MOMENT SHE'S A HOMELESS HELL-RAISER, AND NOW SHE'S A HAPPY 'LIL' HOME-MAKER!
...HMMM... THE FRIDGE NEEDS RE-STOCKIN'! I'LL MAKE OUT A LIST...
Diet Pepsi
Instant Coffee
Tater-Tots
Hungry-Man-Frozen-Dinners
Heroin
Paper towels
OLD BANANA
Fridge-O-Dare
NEEDS DEFROSTING
MOLDY YOGURT
TAB
FLAT, HALF-EMPTY SODA
A MILLION SEMI-DEAD BUGS
DIRTY SYRINGE
WILL YOU PUL-LEEZE CLEAN THIS THING OUT!
BUT SHE HASN'T COMPLETELY CHANGED. FOR EXAMPLE, SHE CAN'T RESIST HUMILIATING THE SUBURBAN "PUNK-ROCKERS" THAT FLOCK TO HER NEIGHBORHOOD EVERY WEEK-END!
GO BACK TO JERSEY! HAW!
APOLOGIZE TO ME FOR DARING TO EXIST!
HEY! BE COOL, LADY!
FRUIT STAND
SPLAT!
TOMATOES
WHAT'D WE DO TO YOU?
BLOOMIES
SHE ALSO ENJOYS MAKING LIFE EVEN MORE MISERABLE THAN IT ALREADY IS FOR THE UGLY WHORES THAT CONGRAGETE OUTSIDE DAVID CARRINO'S BUILDING.
MARTINI 10 YEARS FROM NOW
YOU STOLE FI-DOLLAH-FITTY-CENT OUT' MAH POCKET!
PARK HERE
AAAH, GO FRENCH-FRY YOUR ASS!
PUSSY SMELLS BAD, LOOKS BAD, FEELS GOOD!
NOW, ONE DAY WHILST OUT ON A SHOPPING** SPREE, WHO SHOULD MARTINI BUMP INTO BUT HER FAVORITE GRAND PARENTS, MEE-MAW + MEE-PAW!
WHY IT'S MY LOVABLE OLD "GRANNY-PUSS" AND DEAR OLD "GRAN-CRACKY!"
WHY IT'S OUR WIDDLE BABY MAR-TEE-WEE!
WEALLY?
FROM MICHIGAN
THEY TALK NAUSEATING BABY TALK!
**SHOP-LIFTING, THAT IS!
WE WERE PART OF A TOUR GROUP, BUT THE DRIVER DITCHED US! WE WERE TOO MUCH FOR HIM! HEH-HEH!
WEALLY? HOW SWEET!
OH NO! WELL YOU CAN STAY WITH ME AND MY HUSBAND IF YOU'D LIKE!
I FEEL I OWE IT TO MY FAMILY, AFTER KILLING SO MANY OF THEM!*
I SMELL TROUBLE!
NEXT: ONE BIG "HAPPY" FAMILY!!!


JESUS' CRITTERS
DOCTOR DOLITTLE WISHES: "IF I COULD TALK TO THE ANIMALS"...
MEOW! MEOW!
SHUT UP!
MEOW! MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!
MEOW! MEOW!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!?
♪ "LEARN THEIR LANGUAGES"...
GRRR! BARK! GROWL! SNAP! HOWL!*
OH, MY!
*TRANSLATION: "GIMME ALL THE FOOD IN YOUR BOWL!! I HATE YOU! I'LL BITE YOUR FUCKIN' FACE OFF!
..."MAYBE HAVE A CHAT ♪ IN CHIMPANZEE"... ♫
THIS ZOO SUCKS! TRANSFER ME TO SAN DIEGO! IF I ESCAPE I SWEAR I'LL GO ON A MURDER SPREE!...
PISS
HEAVENS TO BETSY! PLEASE TRY TO BE HAPPY!
..."WHAT A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT ♪ THAT WOULD BE"... ♫
CHITTER! CHATTER!
BABY FAE!
BABOON!
WHAT THE HECK IS SHE SAYING?
I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT EITHER!
AMAZING, HUH?

*SEE WEIRDO #8

©1985 BY TWO GUYS THAT HAVE NEVER EVEN MET EACH OTHER!


BICKER, HARANGUE, ARGUE—MAKE THE DEVIL HAPPY! BE JUST LIKE...
MARTINI BATON!
PEACE BEGINS AT HOME!
BUT NOT HER HOME!
SO NOW MARTINI'S GOT HER GRANDPARENTS LIVING WITH HER, AND THEY ARE SO SENILE THAT THEY DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHAT A DEGENERATE SHE'S BECOME!
I SHIT ON THE BIBLE AND WIPE MY ASS WITH THE FLAG OF ALL NATIONS!
I'LL SMACK ANYONE IN THE FACE IF THEY SO MUCH AS LOOK AT ME FUNNY!
I'LL TEAR YOUR LIVER OUT!!!
WHAT'S ALL THAT YABBERING ABOUT, MAR-TEE-WEE?
SHE'S A LITTLE OVER-TIRED, JUST NEEDS A NAP, POOR THING!
IN FACT, THESE OLD FOGIES ARE SO FEEBLE-MINDED THAT THEY THINK SHE'S STILL A TODDLER!
MAR-TEE-WEE! NO PWAYING WIFF MATCHES! MEE-PAW, SPANK THE LIVING BEEJESUS OUT OF HER!
WHA?
AND DON'T HIT HER ON THE DIAPER! HIT HER ON THE LEG, SO SHE CAN FEEL IT!
A JOINT
I HEAR YA, MEE-MAW!
LOOK OUT MARTINI!
MAR-TEE-WEE! YOUR FACE IS ALL RED! YOU MUST HAVE A HIGH FEVER!
HUH?
MEE-MAW! TAKE HER RECTAL TEMP-ATURE!
HORSE THERMOMETER BY MISTAKE
OKEY-DOKEY, SMOKEY!
THESE STUPID OLD CODGERS ALSO THINK BUTZY IS A PET ANIMAL OF SOME KIND, AND THEY MAKE HIM EAT HIS FOOD OUT OF A BOWL, AND HE HAS TO SHIT ON A NEWSPAPER IN THE KITCHEN. WHAT A FIASCO!
KEEP THAT HOUND QUIET! DONAHUE'S ON IN 10 MINUTES!
YOU'RE SEVERELY INTERFERING WITH OUR LOVEMAKING, MAN!
BAD DOG! BAD DOG! BAD DOG! BAD DOG!
SWAT! SWAT! SWAT! SWAT!
I ALWAYS DID LIKE IT "DOGGIE STYLE"! HE-YUK!
ALL THIS CHAOS DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER MARTINI IN THE SLIGHTEST, BUT THEN AGAIN, SHE'S SO ZONKED OUT ON DRUGS THAT SHE'S HARDLY AWARE OF ALL THE ZANY GOINGS ON!
YOU MISSED THE PAPER AGAIN, YOU STUPID CUR!
RUB HIS NOSE IN IT! THAT'LL LEARN HIM!
DO I HEAR SCREAMING?
SNORT!
NO!
GAG!


JESUS' CRITTERS
BORN-AGAIN CRITTERS TELL OF THEIR HORRIBLE, SORDID, DISGUSTING, BUT ULTIMATELY INSPIRING LIFE STORIES...
ANEMIC, EX-DRUG ADDICT ELEPHANT:
IT ALL STARTED WITH A CASE OF VALIUM SO I COULD GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT...
ALL WALKS OF ANIMAL LIFE ARE FUCKED UP, LIKE THIS RICH FRENCH POODLE:
I HAD EVERY-THING BUT STILL I SLIT MY WRISTS!
I WAS ANOREXIC BEFORE I FOUND GOD!
EVEN FAMOUS CELEBRITY CRITTERS GO PUBLIC TO HELP SPREAD THE WORD, LIKE SANDY FROM THE PLAY "ANNIE"...
...I WAS SEETHING WITH IMPOTENT RAGE, JOHNNY! I SOME-TIMES HAD TO FIGHT THE URGE TO DEFECATE ON STAGE!
MERCY SAKES!
WHAT'S YOUR STORY? HAVE YOU FOUND GOD?

STORY BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, FROM AN IDEA BY ALBERT EINSTEIN. EDITED BY JIM SHOOTER. DEDICATED TO J.F.K.

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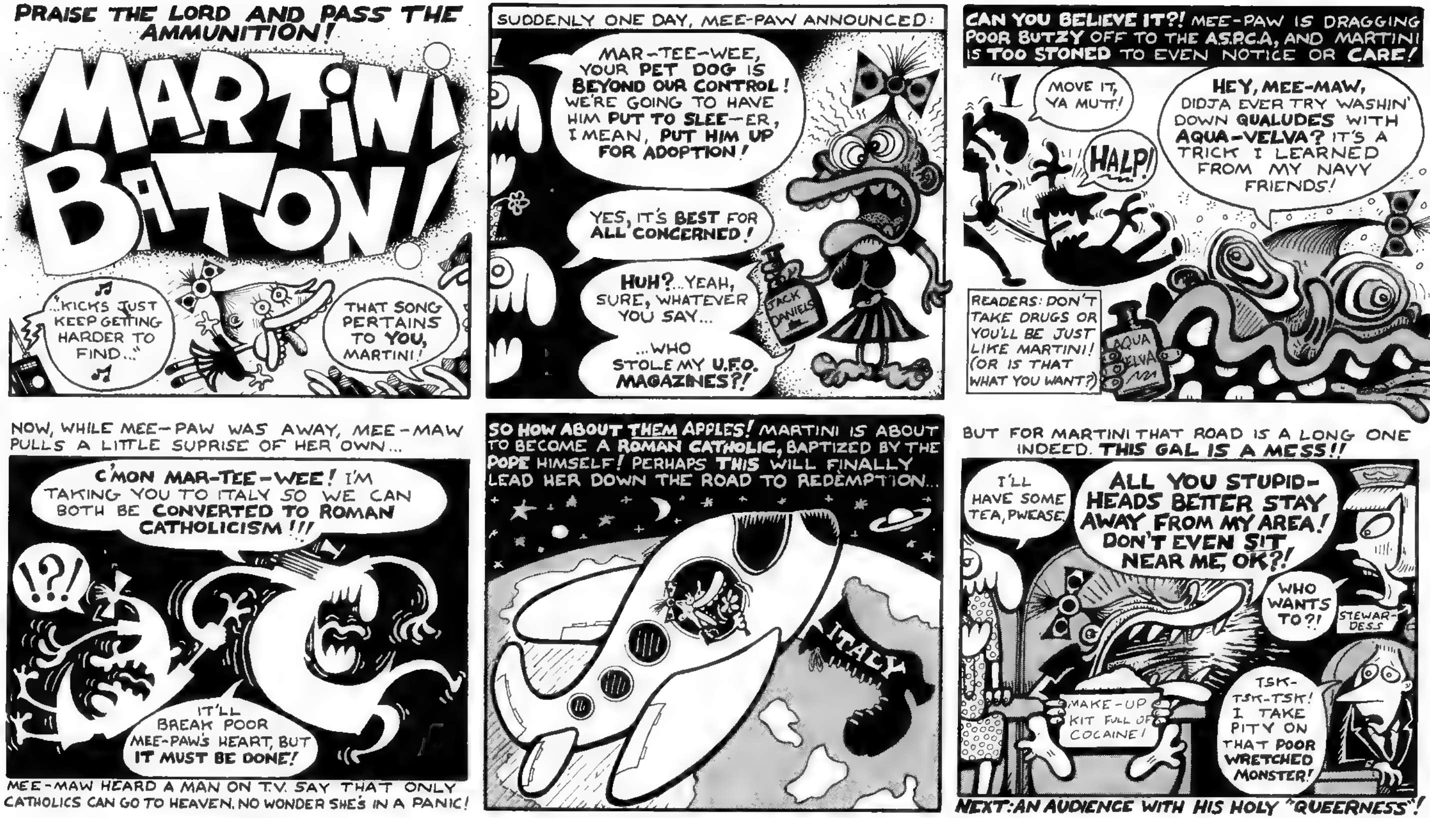
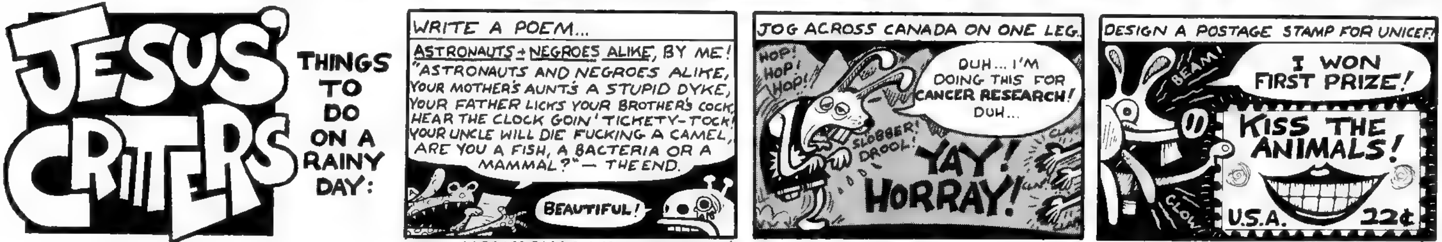

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION!
MARTINI BATON!
♪ "...KICKS JUST KEEP GETTING HARDER TO FIND..." ♪
THAT SONG PERTAINS TO YOU, MARTINI!
SUDDENLY ONE DAY, MEE-PAW ANNOUNCED:
MAR-TEE-WEE, YOUR PET DOG IS BEYOND OUR CONTROL! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE HIM PUT TO SLEE—ER, I MEAN, PUT HIM UP FOR ADOPTION!
YES, IT'S BEST FOR ALL CONCERNED!
HUH?...YEAH, SURE, WHATEVER YOU SAY...
...WHO STOLE MY U.F.O. MAGAZINES?!
JACK DANIELS
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?! MEE-PAW IS DRAGGING POOR BUTZY OFF TO THE A.S.P.C.A, AND MARTINI IS TOO STONED TO EVEN NOTICE OR CARE!
MOVE IT, YA MUTT!
HALP!
HEY, MEE-MAW, DIDJA EVER TRY WASHIN' DOWN QUALUDES WITH AQUA-VELVA? IT'S A TRICK I LEARNED FROM MY NAVY FRIENDS!
READERS: DON'T TAKE DRUGS OR YOU'LL BE JUST LIKE MARTINI! (OR IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?)
AQUA VELVA
NOW, WHILE MEE-PAW WAS AWAY, MEE-MAW PULLS A LITTLE SUPRISE OF HER OWN...
C'MON MAR-TEE-WEE! I'M TAKING YOU TO ITALY SO WE CAN BOTH BE CONVERTED TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM!!!
!?!
IT'LL BREAK POOR MEE-PAW'S HEART, BUT IT MUST BE DONE!
MEE-MAW HEARD A MAN ON T.V. SAY THAT ONLY CATHOLICS CAN GO TO HEAVEN. NO WONDER SHE'S IN A PANIC!
SO HOW ABOUT THEM APPLES! MARTINI IS ABOUT TO BECOME A ROMAN CATHOLIC, BAPTIZED BY THE POPE HIMSELF! PERHAPS THIS WILL FINALLY LEAD HER DOWN THE ROAD TO REDEMPTION...
ITALY
BUT FOR MARTINI THAT ROAD IS A LONG ONE INDEED. THIS GAL IS A MESS!!
I'LL HAVE SOME TEA, PWEASE.
ALL YOU STUPID-HEADS BETTER STAY AWAY FROM MY AREA! DON'T EVEN SIT NEAR ME, OK?!
WHO WANTS TO?!
STEWARDESS
MAKE-UP KIT FULL OF COCAINE!
TSK-TSK-TSK! I TAKE PITY ON THAT POOR WRETCHED MONSTER!
NEXT: AN AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLY "QUEERNESS"!


JESUS' CRITTERS
THINGS TO DO ON A RAINY DAY:
WRITE A POEM...
ASTRONAUTS + NEGROES ALIKE, BY ME!
"ASTRONAUTS AND NEGROES ALIKE,
YOUR MOTHER'S AUNT'S A STUPID DYKE,
YOUR FATHER LICKS YOUR BROTHER'S COCK,
HEAR THE CLOCK GOIN' 'TICKETY-TOCK'
YOUR UNCLE WILL DIE FUCKING A CAMEL,
ARE YOU A FISH, A BACTERIA OR A MAMMAL?" — THE END.
BEAUTIFUL!
JOG ACROSS CANADA ON ONE LEG.
HOP! HOP! HOP!
DUH... I'M DOING THIS FOR CANCER RESEARCH! DUH...
SLOBBER! DROOL!
YAY! HORRAY!
CLAP
DESIGN A POSTAGE STAMP FOR UNICEF!
BEAM!
I WON FIRST PRIZE!
KISS THE ANIMALS!
U.S.A. 22¢
GLOW

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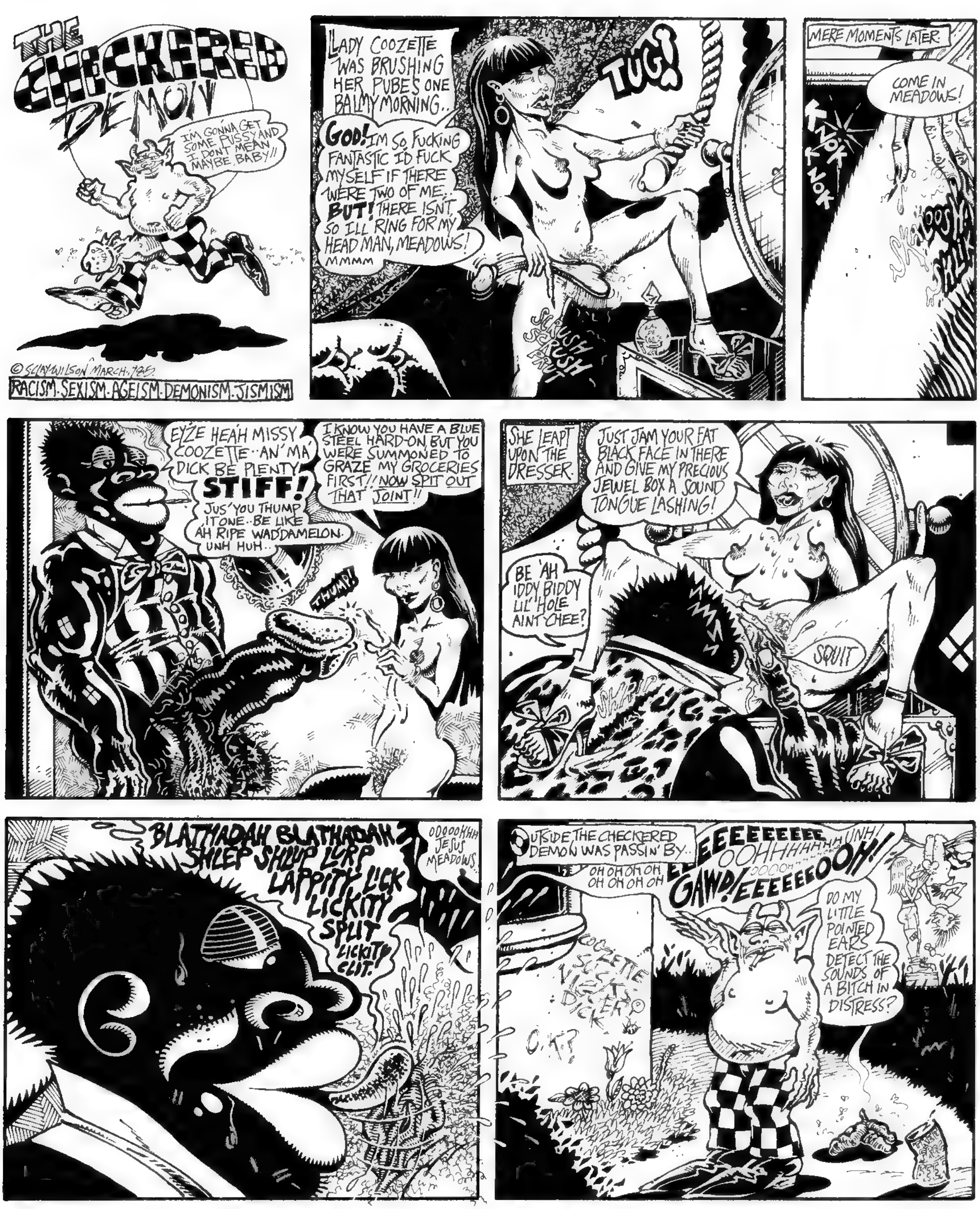
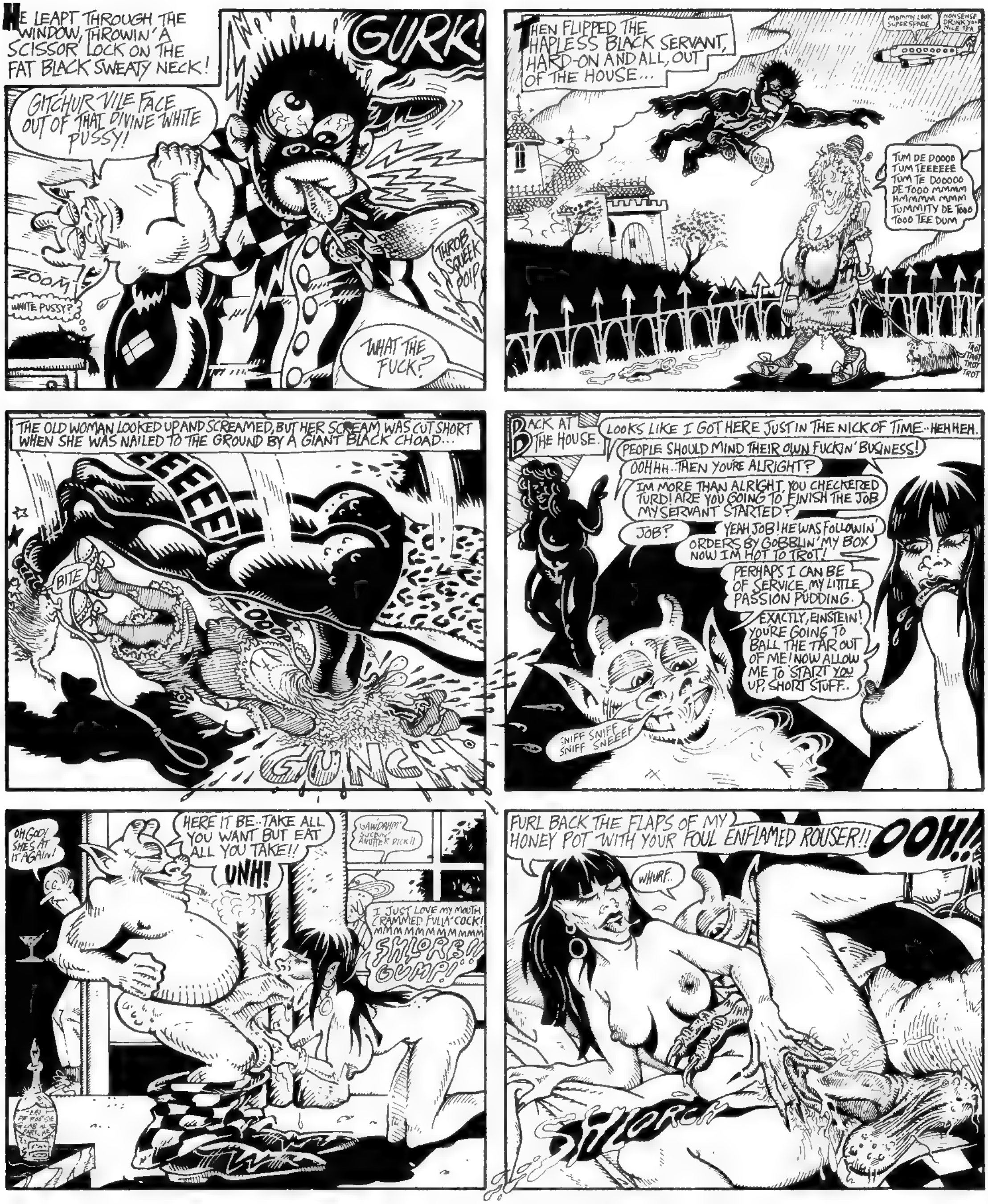
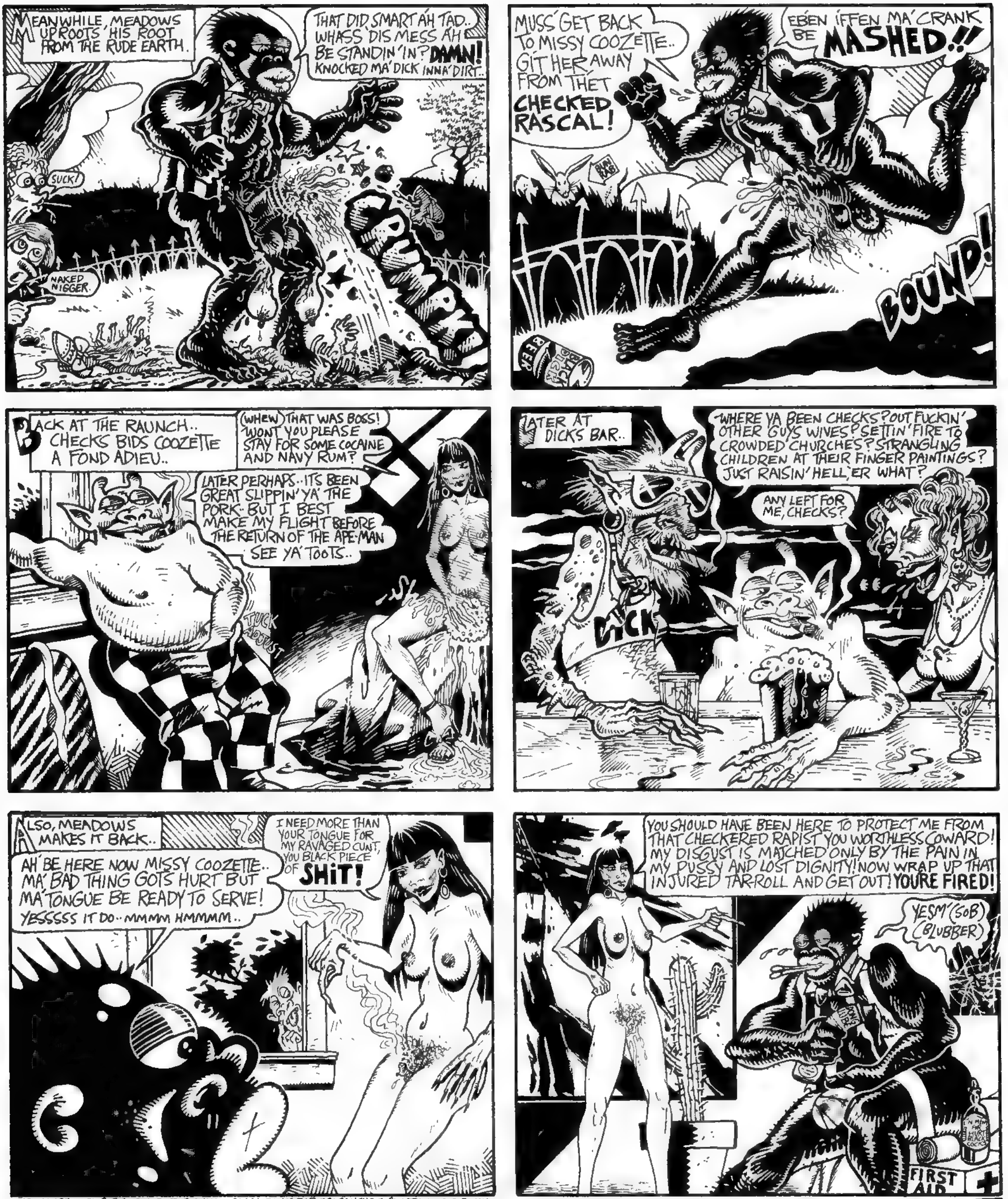

THE CHECKERED DEMON
I'M GONNA GET SOME PUSSY AND I DONT MEAN MAYBE, BABY!!
© S. CLAY WILSON MARCH. '85.
RACISM. SEXISM. AGEISM. DEMONISM. JISMISM
LADY COOZETTE WAS BRUSHING HER PUBES ONE BALMY MORNING..
GOD! I'M SO FUCKING FANTASTIC I'D FUCK MYSELF IF THERE WERE TWO OF ME. BUT! THERE ISN'T, SO I'LL RING FOR MY HEAD MAN, MEADOWS! MMMM
TUG!
SCRUSH SCRUSH FRUT
MERE MOMENTS LATER.
COME IN MEADOWS!
KNOK KNOK
SKWOOSHA SPLUK
EYZE HEAH MISSY COOZETTE.. AN' MA' DICK BE PLENTY STIFF! JUS' YOU THUMP IT ONE.. BE LIKE AH RIPE WADDAMELON. UNH HUH..
I KNOW YOU HAVE A BLUE STEEL HARD-ON, BUT YOU WERE SUMMONED TO GRAZE MY GROCERIES FIRST!! NOW SPIT OUT THAT JOINT!!
THUMP!
SHE LEAPT UPON THE DRESSER.
JUST JAM YOUR FAT BLACK FACE IN THERE AND GIVE MY PRECIOUS JEWEL BOX A SOUND TONGUE LASHING!
BE 'AH IDDY BIDDY LIL' HOLE AIN'T CHEE?
SQUIT
BLATHADAH BLATHADAH SHLEP SHLUP LURP LAPPITY LICK LICKITY SPLIT LICKITY CLIT.
OOOOOHHH JESUS MEADOWS..
OUTSIDE THE CHECKERED DEMON WAS PASSIN' BY..
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH
EEEEEEEEEE OOHHHHHHHHH UNH! GAWD! OOOOHHHHH EEEEEEOOOH!!
DO MY LITTLE POINTED EARS DETECT THE SOUNDS OF A BITCH IN DISTRESS?
COOZETTE SUCKS DICK
O.K.?
FROG BEER


HE LEAPT THROUGH THE WINDOW, THROWIN' A SCISSOR LOCK ON THE FAT BLACK SWEATY NECK!
GURK!
GITCHUR VILE FACE OUT OF THAT DIVINE WHITE PUSSY!
THROB SQUEEK POIP
ZOOM
WHITE PUSSY?
WHAT THE FUCK?
THEN FLIPPED THE HAPLESS BLACK SERVANT, HARD-ON AND ALL, OUT OF THE HOUSE...
MOMMY LOOK SUPERSPADE
NONSENSE DRINK YOUR NICE TEA
TUM DE DOOOO TUM TEEEEEE TUM TE DOOOOO DE TOOO MMMM HMMMM MMM TUMMITY DE TOOO TOOO TEE DUM
TROT TROT TROT TROT
THE OLD WOMAN LOOKED UP AND SCREAMED, BUT HER SCREAM WAS CUT SHORT WHEN SHE WAS NAILED TO THE GROUND BY A GIANT BLACK CHOAD...
EEEEEE
BITE
OOOO
GUNCH
BACK AT THE HOUSE.
LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME... HEH HEH.
PEOPLE SHOULD MIND THEIR OWN FUCKIN' BUSINESS!
OOHHH.. THEN YOU'RE ALRIGHT?
I'M MORE THAN ALRIGHT, YOU CHECKERED TURD! ARE YOU GOING TO FINISH THE JOB MY SERVANT STARTED?
JOB?
YEAH JOB! HE WAS FOLLOWIN' ORDERS BY GOBBLIN' MY BOX NOW I'M HOT TO TROT!
PERHAPS I CAN BE OF SERVICE, MY LITTLE PASSION PUDDING.
EXACTLY, EINSTEIN! YOU'RE GOING TO BALL THE TAR OUT OF ME! NOW ALLOW ME TO 'START YOU UP,' SHORT STUFF..
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNEEEF
OH GOD! SHE'S AT IT AGAIN!
HERE IT BE.. TAKE ALL YOU WANT BUT EAT ALL YOU TAKE!!
UNH!
GAWDAHM' SUCKIN' ANUTTER DICK!!
I JUST LOVE MY MOUTH CRAMMED FULLA' COCK! MMMMMMMMMMMM
SHLORB!! GUMP!
EAU DE POO'SIE LAB AL PARFUME
FURL BACK THE FLAPS OF MY HONEY POT WITH YOUR FOUL ENFLAMED ROUSER!!
OOH!!
WHURF..
SHLORCH


MEANWHILE, MEADOWS UPROOTS HIS ROOT FROM THE RUDE EARTH.
THAT DID SMART AH TAD.. WHASS DIS MESS AH BE STANDIN' IN? DAMN! KNOCKED MA' DICK INNA' DIRT..
SUCK!
NAKED NIGGER.
CRUMP!!
MUSS' GET BACK TO MISSY COOZETTE.. GIT HER AWAY FROM THET CHECKED RASCAL!
EBEN IFFEN MA' CRANK BE MASHED!!
BUN RAB
BOUND!
BEER
BACK AT THE RAUNCH.. CHECKS BIDS COOZETTE A FOND ADIEU..
(WHEW) THAT WAS BOSS! WONT YOU PLEASE STAY FOR SOME COCAINE AND NAVY RUM?
LATER PERHAPS.. ITS BEEN GREAT SLIPPIN' YA' THE PORK. BUT I BEST MAKE MY FLIGHT BEFORE THE RETURN OF THE APE-MAN SEE YA' TOOTS..
TUCK ADJUST
SNAP
LATER AT DICK'S BAR..
WHERE YA BEEN CHECKS? OUT FUCKIN' OTHER GUYS WIVES? SETTIN' FIRE TO CROWDED CHURCHES? STRANGLING CHILDREN AT THEIR FINGER PAINTINGS? JUST RAISIN' HELL, ER WHAT?
ANY LEFT FOR ME, CHECKS?
DICK
ALSO, MEADOWS MAKES IT BACK..
AH' BE HERE NOW MISSY COOZETTE.. MA' BAD THING GOTS HURT BUT MA' TONGUE BE READY TO SERVE! YESSSSS IT DO.. MMMM HMMMM..
I NEED MORE THAN YOUR TONGUE FOR MY RAVAGED CUNT, YOU BLACK PIECE OF SHIT!
YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO PROTECT ME FROM THAT CHECKERED RAPIST YOU WORTHLESS COWARD! MY DISGUST IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE PAIN IN MY PUSSY AND LOST DIGNITY! NOW WRAP UP THAT INJURED TAR-ROLL AND GET OUT! YOURE FIRED!
YESM' (SOB) (BLUBBER)
IN MEM FOR HURT BLACK COCKS
FIRST AID
END

ORIGINAL ART WORK FOR SALE: WRITE S. CLAY WILSON c/o DICKS BAR, 290 SANCHEZ SAN FRANCISCO 94114.

BEEFSNUFF

UPDATE

by DENNIS P. EICHHORN

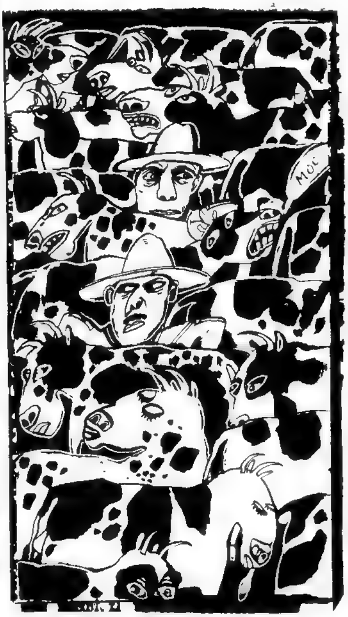
illustrations by
CAREL MOISEIWITSCH

YOU MAY NOT BE AWARE THAT bizarre livestock murders are on the upswing. Ever since the early 1970s, a gruesome wave of senseless, sadistic carnage has swept across North America, leaving more than 20,000 dead and mutilated animals in its gory wake. Although cattle are the usual victims, horse, buffalo and goat mutilations are also increasing.

These dead animals are found drained of their blood, with their genitals, eyes, ears, lips and tongues removed with surgical precision. They often have crushed shoulders, leading observers to speculate that they were gripped and picked up by flying objects. In many cases, the animals' livers are a yellowish mush, as if they had been subjected to intense microwave heat.

There are no footprints or tracks leading to or away from the bodies. Helicopters have been sighted in conjunction with many incidents, and there has been at least one UFO sighting. Compasses and geiger counters often act erratically near the carcasses. According to some reports, a few corpses decompose very slowly, while others melt into slime almost overnight.

Over the past 15 years, these atrocities have occurred in at least 35 of the United States, every Canadian province, and a few states in Mexico. Ranchers have organized their own patrols in futile attempts to quell the menace. More than a dozen separate task forces have been formed by various police agencies, including the Justice Department, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to investigate the killings. In spite of this, no one has ever been caught in the act or charged with any of the bovicides. Yet the fiendish acts continue. Who, or what, could be doing this? Is there a cover-up?



No one really believes that natural predators are responsible. Weasels and coyotes don't chew in straight, clean lines. We can also rule out drug smugglers, stoned crazies, and practical jokers.

Many people assume that these abominations are the work of Satanists. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Although a few copycow killings, particularly near large U.S. cities, may be attributable to devil worshipers, these incidents do not exhibit the inexplicable characteristics that typify the majority of the atrocities.

Mainstream cultists have disavowed any knowledge of the crimes, and it is highly doubtful that even the most highly-advanced diabolically inclined groups could have attained the technological expertise to conduct such widespread destruction and elude apprehension.

There's no evidence that the slayings are perpetrated by Moslem anti-cow death squads. And there's no reason to believe that these occurrences are either omens portending

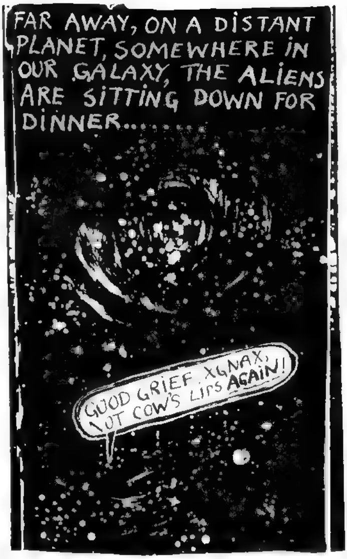
SAVE ME, SAVE ME

Armageddon or plasmatic manifestations of the collective human psyche. But there are still some interesting theories left to consider.

Some folks say that the killings are the work of petroleum company mercenaries, who trace and discover oil deposits through chemicals that seep up through the ground and accumulate in the organs of grazing livestock. The oil companies would have the clout to keep a lid on the investigations.

Others believe that it's the work of government agents, either foreign or domestic. They could be monitoring fallout patterns by measuring radionucleotides collected from the animals' bodies, or gathering data on bacterial warfare. Elite commando units, using top-secret aircraft and sophisticated night-warfare equipment, may be practicing their assassination techniques on cattle. Maybe the feds are squelching the investigations for their own Big Brotherly purposes.

Or maybe it's aliens, extra-terrestrials. Space critters who could be carving up the cows for a variety of reasons. Biological research, for instance. Possibly it's space vampires or interstellar demons. Maybe they're exporting cattle tidbits to other worlds where Terran cow genitals are prized as *hors d'oeuvres*. Perhaps we're being visited by legions of intergalactic soothsayers, who interpret Earthly cow entrails to foretell the future. Possibly the E.T.s are monitoring or measuring something. The government could be hushing it up because they're powerless to stop it.

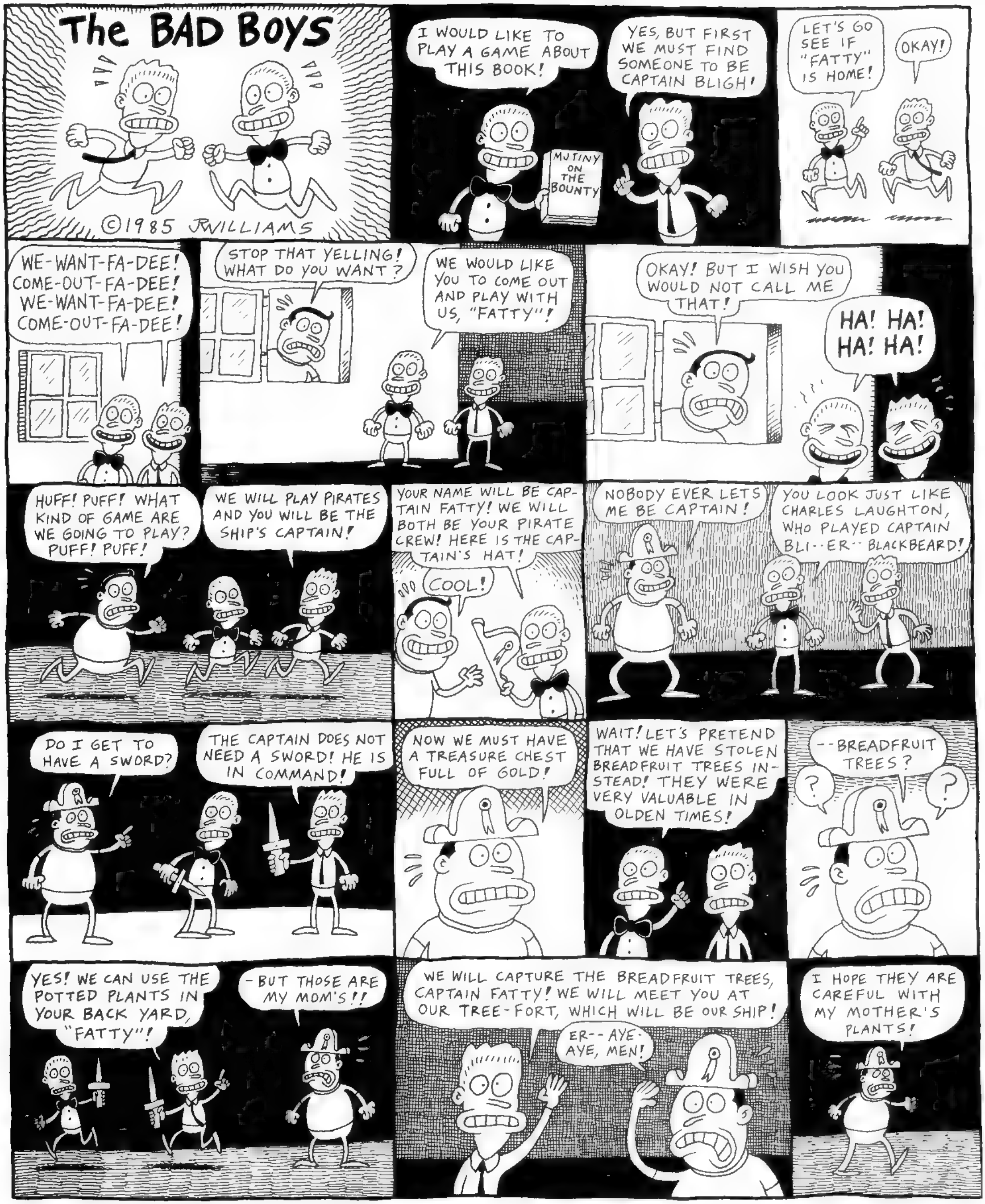

FAR AWAY, ON A DISTANT PLANET, SOMEWHERE IN OUR GALAXY, THE ALIENS ARE SITTING DOWN FOR DINNER.........
GOOD GRIEF, XGNAX, NOT COW'S LIPS AGAIN!

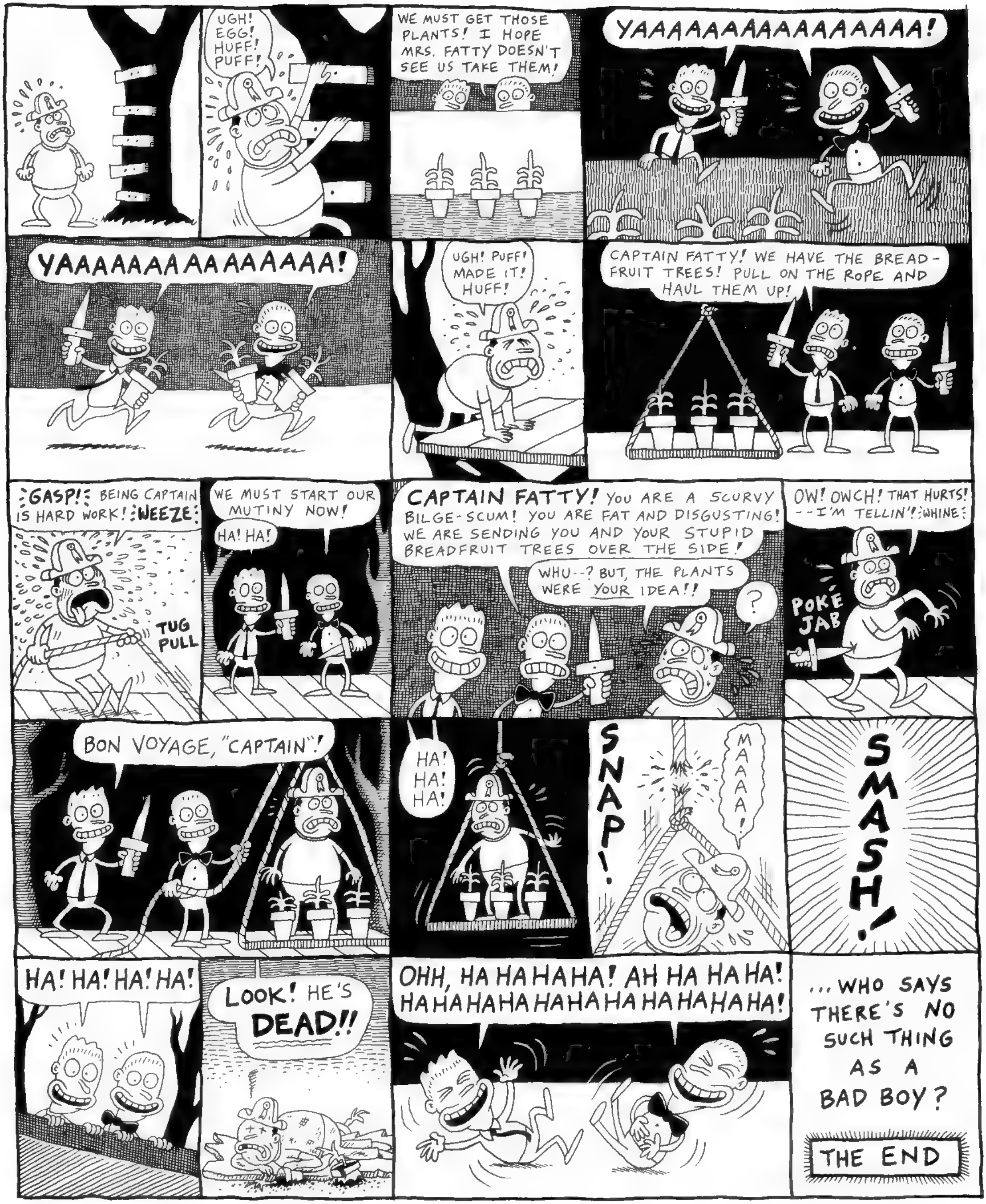
Let's face it, it could be any of the above or a giant combo. As Charles Fort once said, "We're just property." Maybe the planetary proprietors are simply amusing themselves with casual butchery. We may be next. Only time will tell.

It was the goddamnedest thing that I ever did see. When I heard the dying moos of my prize heifer, I grabbed my shotgun and ran out to the pasture. As soon as I cleared the ridge, I saw some strange critters gathered around the crumpled body of my cow. They looked like a cross between bears and gorillas. They heard me coming, and ran in the opposite direction. I've never seen anything move so fast. Oddly enough, they didn't leave any tracks, either coming or going. And what they did to my cow -- well, it was ungodly. She was completely drained of blood, and she was carved up something awful. Her lips and tongue were sliced clean off and so were her ears, and the eyeballs were scooped right out of her head. To top it all off, her sex organs were cut out clean as a whistle. I called the sheriff, and he sent out a deputy to take some pictures. The funny thing was: none of the pictures came out clear. The film was all fogged up, like it had been overexposed. And to top it all off, my cow's body took four months to decompose. I don't know what to think about all this, but I keep the rest of my herd inside the barn at night now

DYING MOO
THAT'S UNGODLY!

MOISEIWITSCH


The BAD BOYS
©1985 J WILLIAMS
I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A GAME ABOUT THIS BOOK!
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
YES, BUT FIRST WE MUST FIND SOMEONE TO BE CAPTAIN BLIGH!
LET'S GO SEE IF "FATTY" IS HOME!
OKAY!
WE-WANT-FA-DEE! COME-OUT-FA-DEE! WE-WANT-FA-DEE! COME-OUT-FA-DEE!
STOP THAT YELLING! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO COME OUT AND PLAY WITH US, "FATTY"!
OKAY! BUT I WISH YOU WOULD NOT CALL ME THAT!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HUFF! PUFF! WHAT KIND OF GAME ARE WE GOING TO PLAY? PUFF! PUFF!
WE WILL PLAY PIRATES AND YOU WILL BE THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN!
YOUR NAME WILL BE CAPTAIN FATTY! WE WILL BOTH BE YOUR PIRATE CREW! HERE IS THE CAPTAIN'S HAT!
COOL!
NOBODY EVER LETS ME BE CAPTAIN!
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE CHARLES LAUGHTON, WHO PLAYED CAPTAIN BLI--ER--BLACKBEARD!
DO I GET TO HAVE A SWORD?
THE CAPTAIN DOES NOT NEED A SWORD! HE IS IN COMMAND!
NOW WE MUST HAVE A TREASURE CHEST FULL OF GOLD!
WAIT! LET'S PRETEND THAT WE HAVE STOLEN BREADFRUIT TREES INSTEAD! THEY WERE VERY VALUABLE IN OLDEN TIMES!
--BREADFRUIT TREES?
?
?
YES! WE CAN USE THE POTTED PLANTS IN YOUR BACK YARD, "FATTY"!
-BUT THOSE ARE MY MOM'S!!
WE WILL CAPTURE THE BREADFRUIT TREES, CAPTAIN FATTY! WE WILL MEET YOU AT OUR TREE-FORT, WHICH WILL BE OUR SHIP!
ER--AYE-AYE, MEN!
I HOPE THEY ARE CAREFUL WITH MY MOTHER'S PLANTS!


UGH! EGG! HUFF! PUFF!
WE MUST GET THOSE PLANTS! I HOPE MRS. FATTY DOESN'T SEE US TAKE THEM!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
UGH! PUFF! MADE IT! HUFF!
CAPTAIN FATTY! WE HAVE THE BREADFRUIT TREES! PULL ON THE ROPE AND HAUL THEM UP!
GASP! BEING CAPTAIN IS HARD WORK! WEEZE
TUG PULL
WE MUST START OUR MUTINY NOW!
HA! HA!
CAPTAIN FATTY! YOU ARE A SCURVY BILGE-SCUM! YOU ARE FAT AND DISGUSTING! WE ARE SENDING YOU AND YOUR STUPID BREADFRUIT TREES OVER THE SIDE!
WHU--? BUT, THE PLANTS WERE YOUR IDEA!!
?
OW! OWCH! THAT HURTS! --I'M TELLIN'! WHINE
POKE JAB
BON VOYAGE, "CAPTAIN"!
HA! HA! HA!
SNAP!
MAAAA!
SMASH!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
LOOK! HE'S DEAD!!
OHH, HA HA HA HA HA! AH HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
...WHO SAYS THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BAD BOY?
THE END

LIFE CERTAINLY IS "EXISTENTIAL"!

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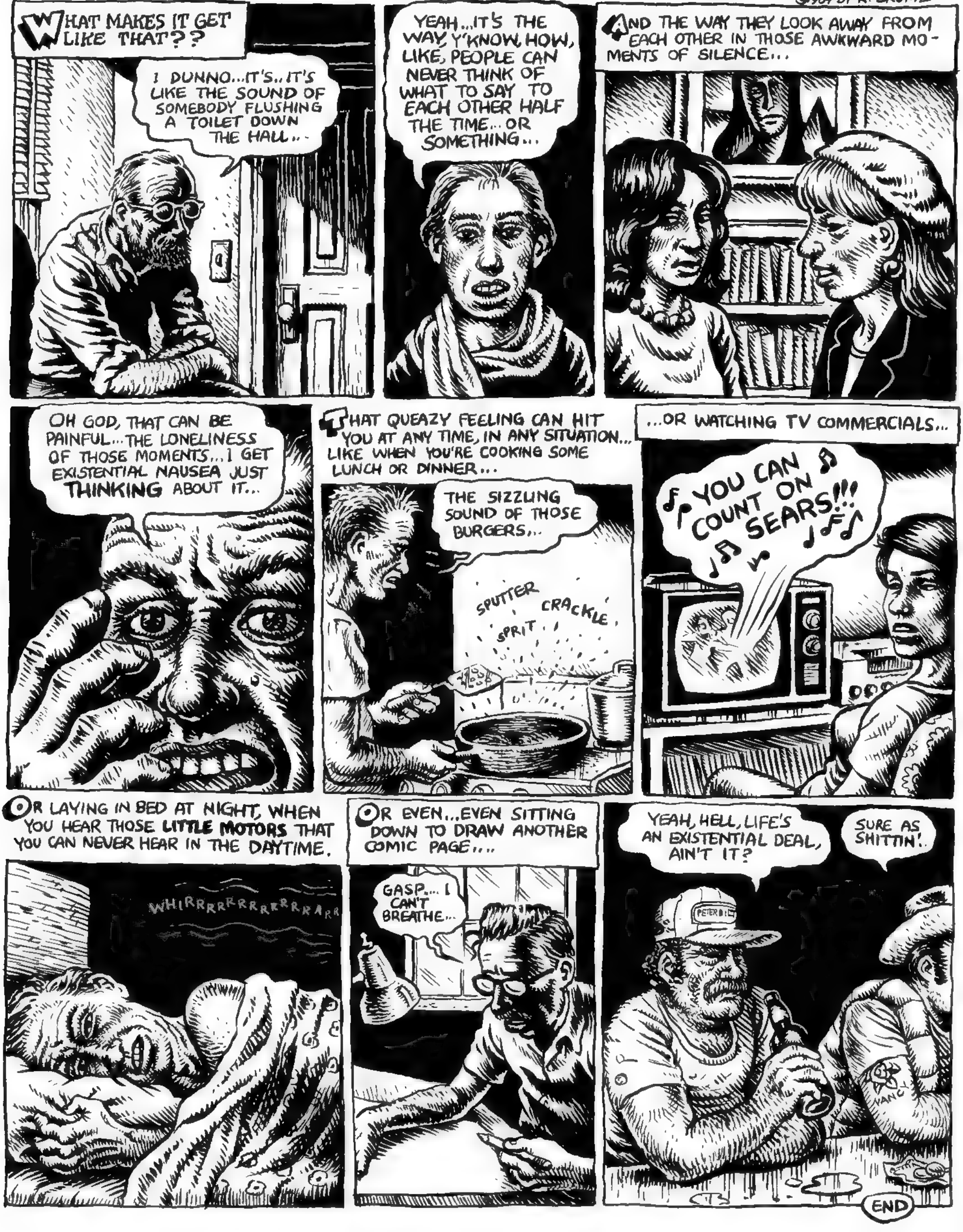
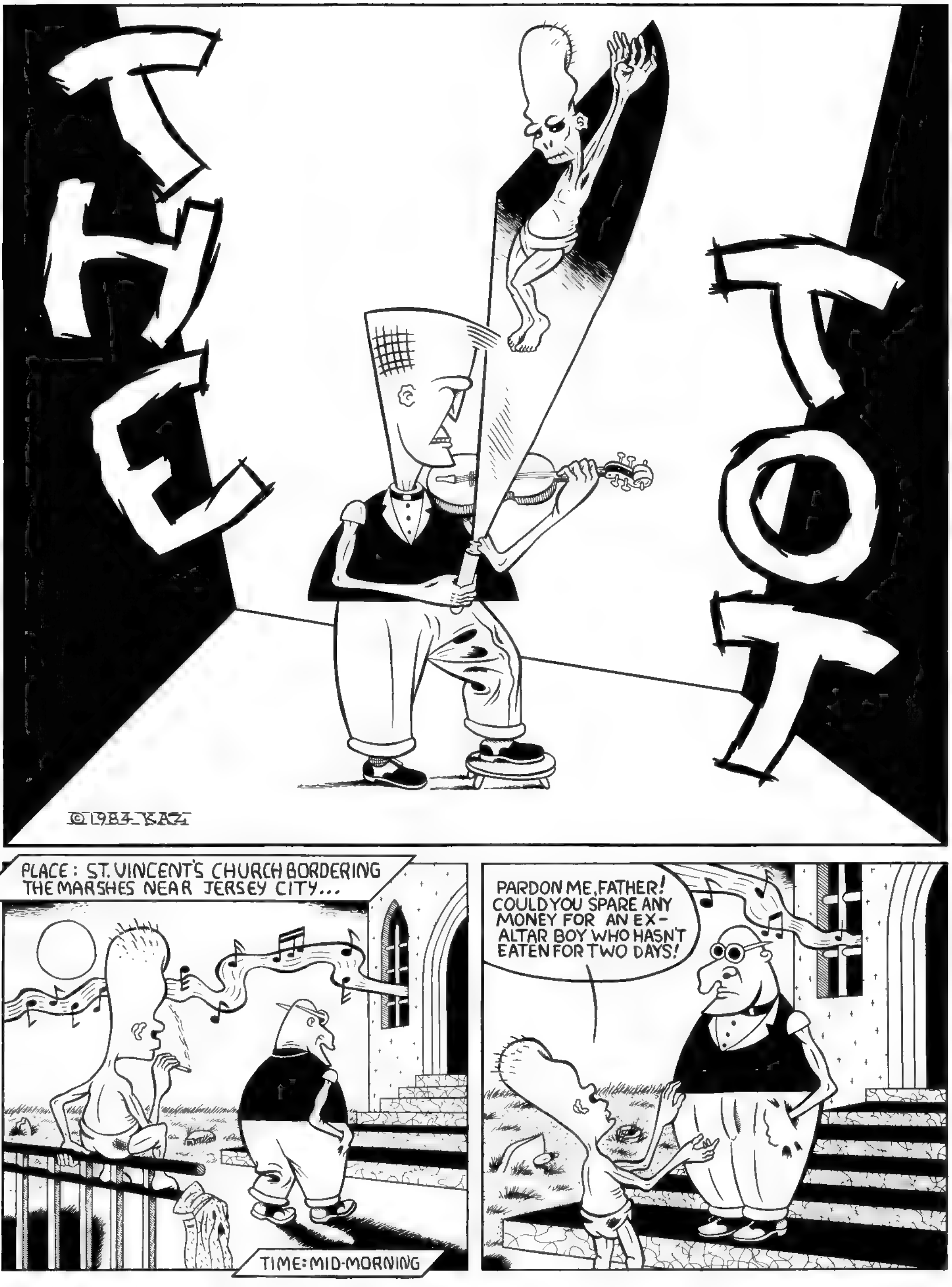
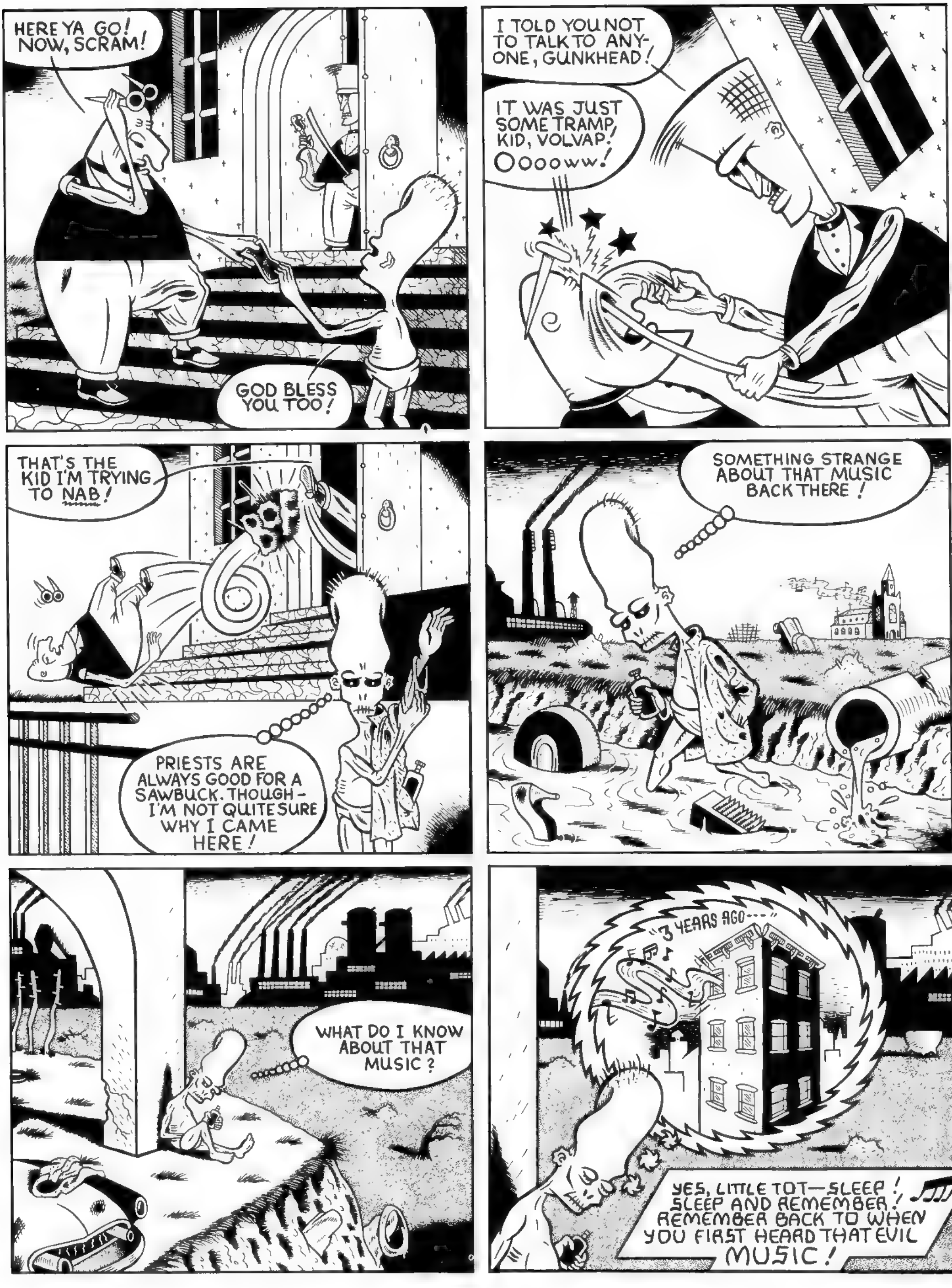
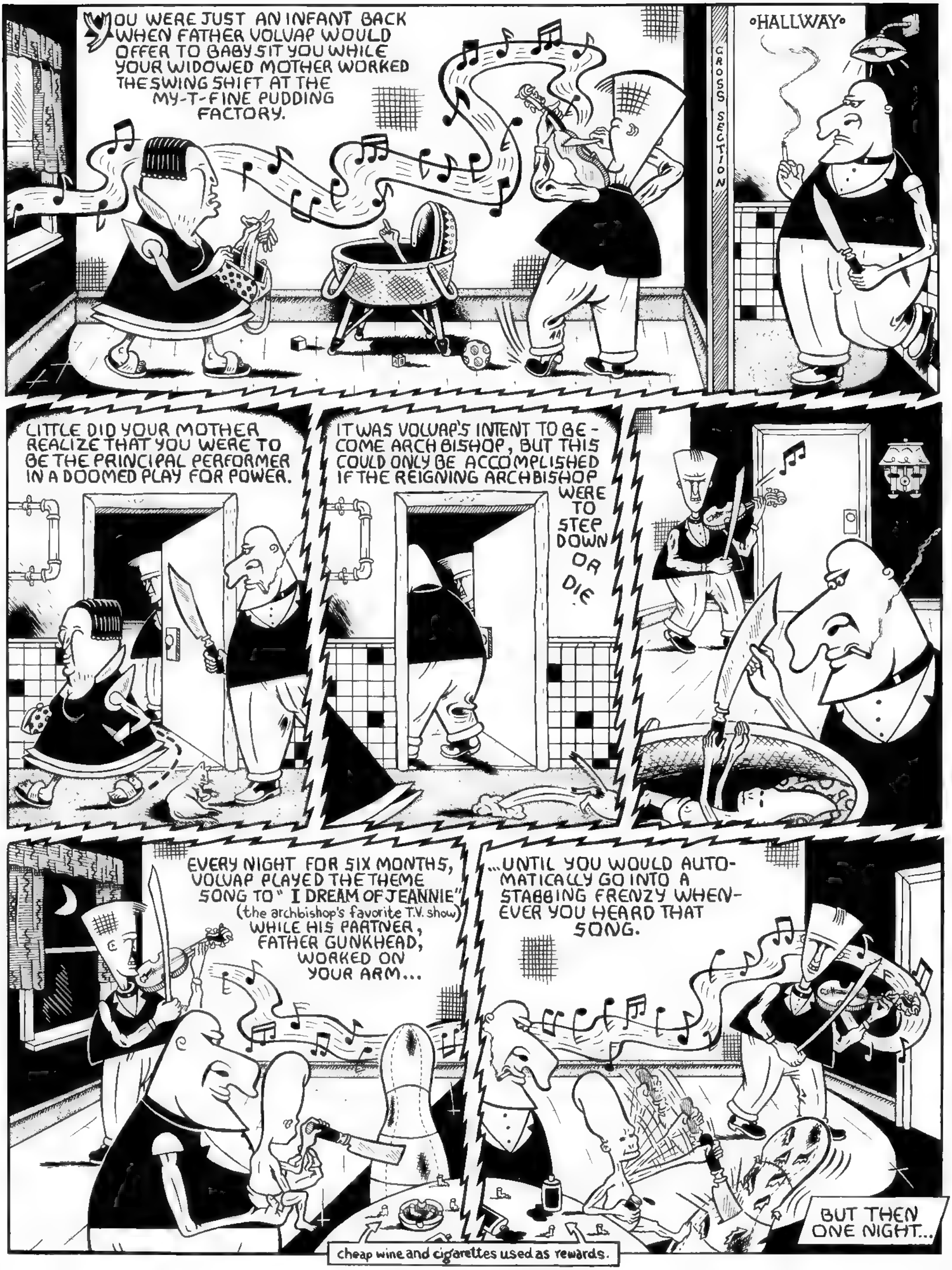
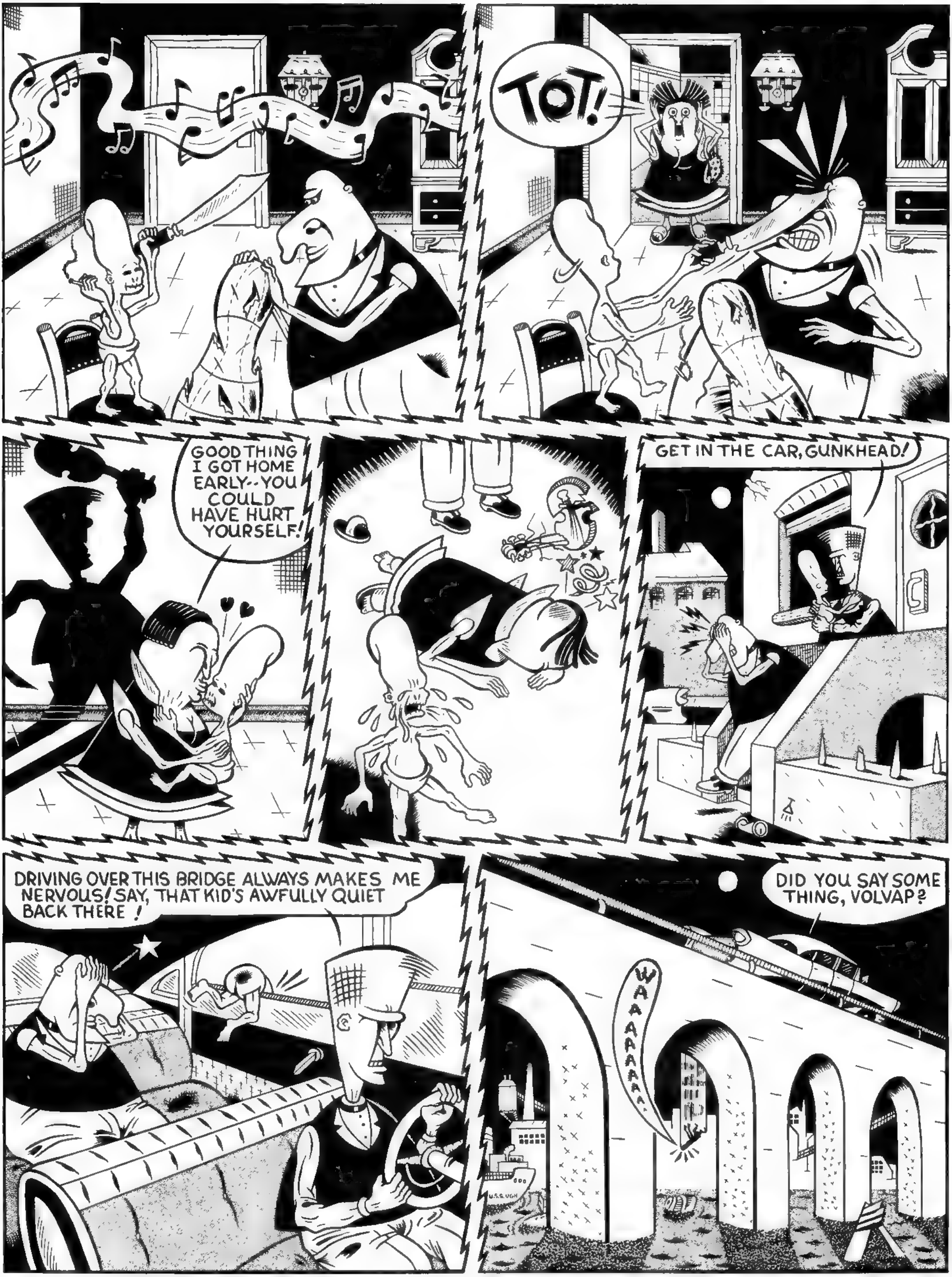
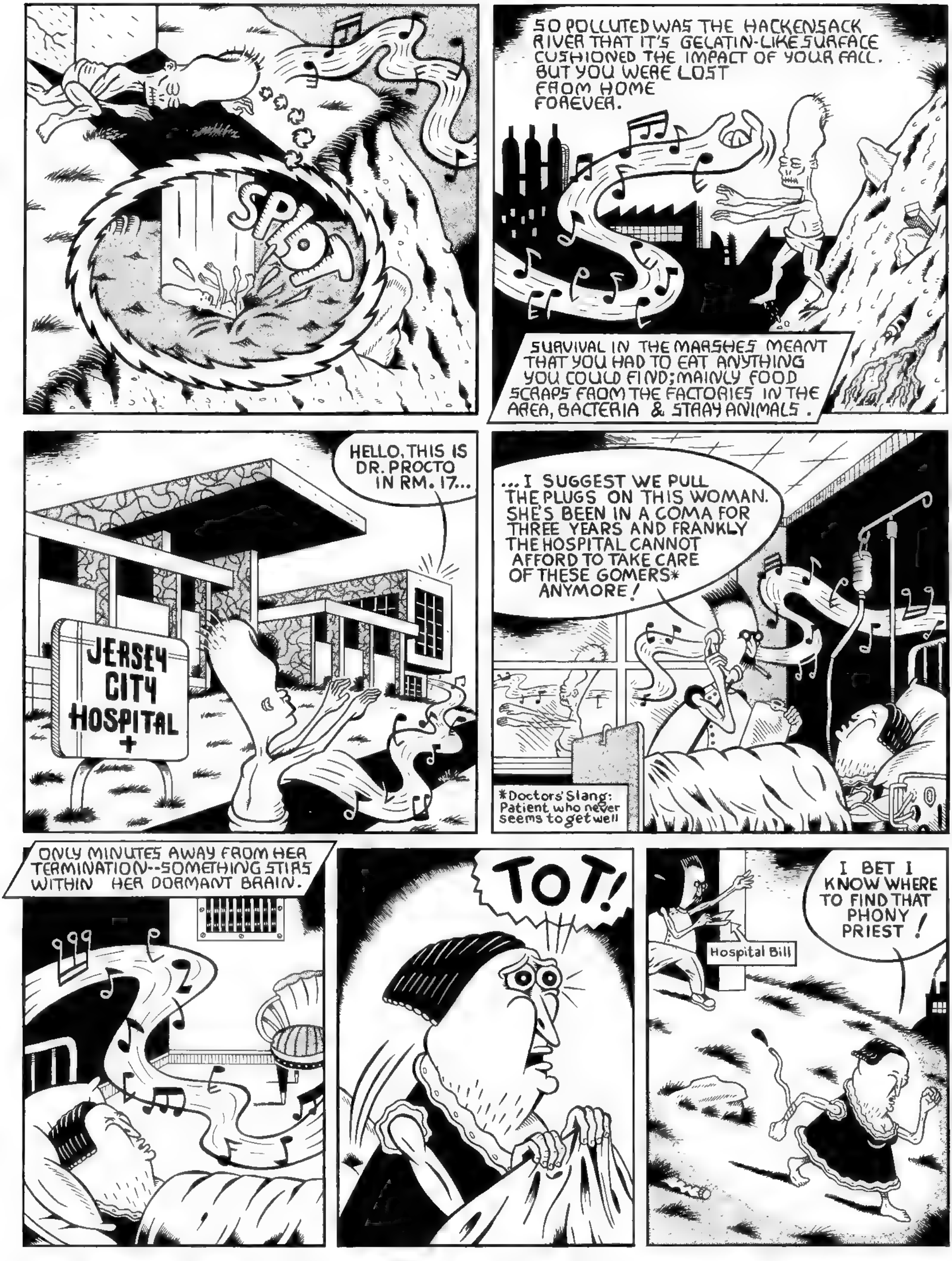

WHAT MAKES IT GET LIKE THAT??
I DUNNO...IT'S...IT'S LIKE THE SOUND OF SOMEBODY FLUSHING A TOILET DOWN THE HALL...
YEAH...IT'S THE WAY, Y'KNOW, HOW, LIKE, PEOPLE CAN NEVER THINK OF WHAT TO SAY TO EACH OTHER HALF THE TIME...OR SOMETHING...
AND THE WAY THEY LOOK AWAY FROM EACH OTHER IN THOSE AWKWARD MOMENTS OF SILENCE...
OH GOD, THAT CAN BE PAINFUL...THE LONELINESS OF THOSE MOMENTS...I GET EXISTENTIAL NAUSEA JUST THINKING ABOUT IT...
THAT QUEAZY FEELING CAN HIT YOU AT ANY TIME, IN ANY SITUATION... LIKE WHEN YOU'RE COOKING SOME LUNCH OR DINNER...
THE SIZZLING SOUND OF THOSE BURGERS...
SPUTTER
CRACKLE
SPRIT
...OR WATCHING TV COMMERCIALS...
YOU CAN COUNT ON SEARS!!!
OR LAYING IN BED AT NIGHT, WHEN YOU HEAR THOSE LITTLE MOTORS THAT YOU CAN NEVER HEAR IN THE DAYTIME.
WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRARR
OR EVEN...EVEN SITTING DOWN TO DRAW ANOTHER COMIC PAGE....
GASP.... I CAN'T BREATHE...
YEAH, HELL, LIFE'S AN EXISTENTIAL DEAL, AIN'T IT?
SURE AS SHITTIN'.
PETERBILT
NANCY
END

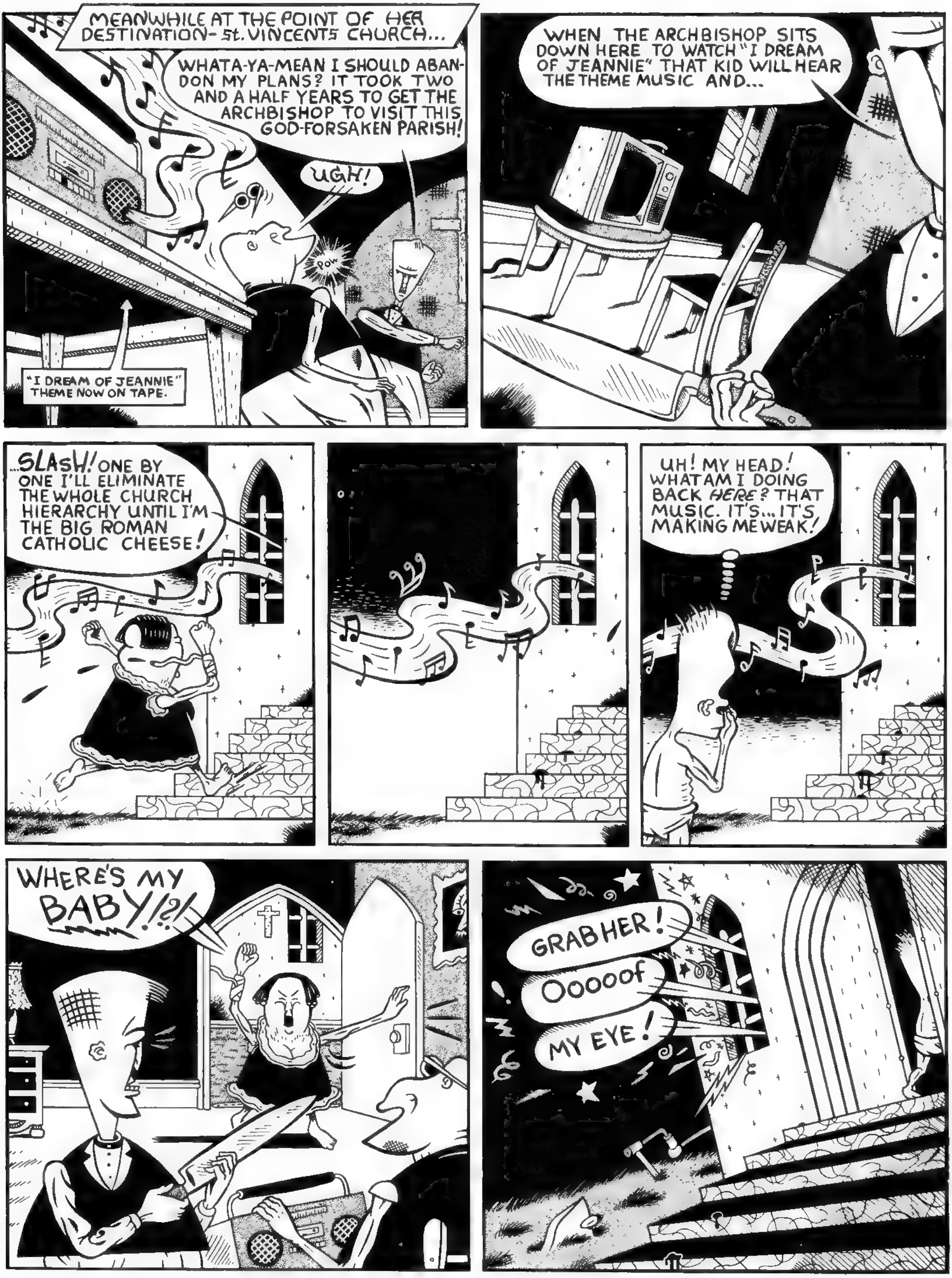

THE
TOT
©1984 KAZ
PLACE: ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH BORDERING THE MARSHES NEAR JERSEY CITY...
TIME: MID-MORNING
PARDON ME, FATHER! COULD YOU SPARE ANY MONEY FOR AN EX-ALTAR BOY WHO HASN'T EATEN FOR TWO DAYS!

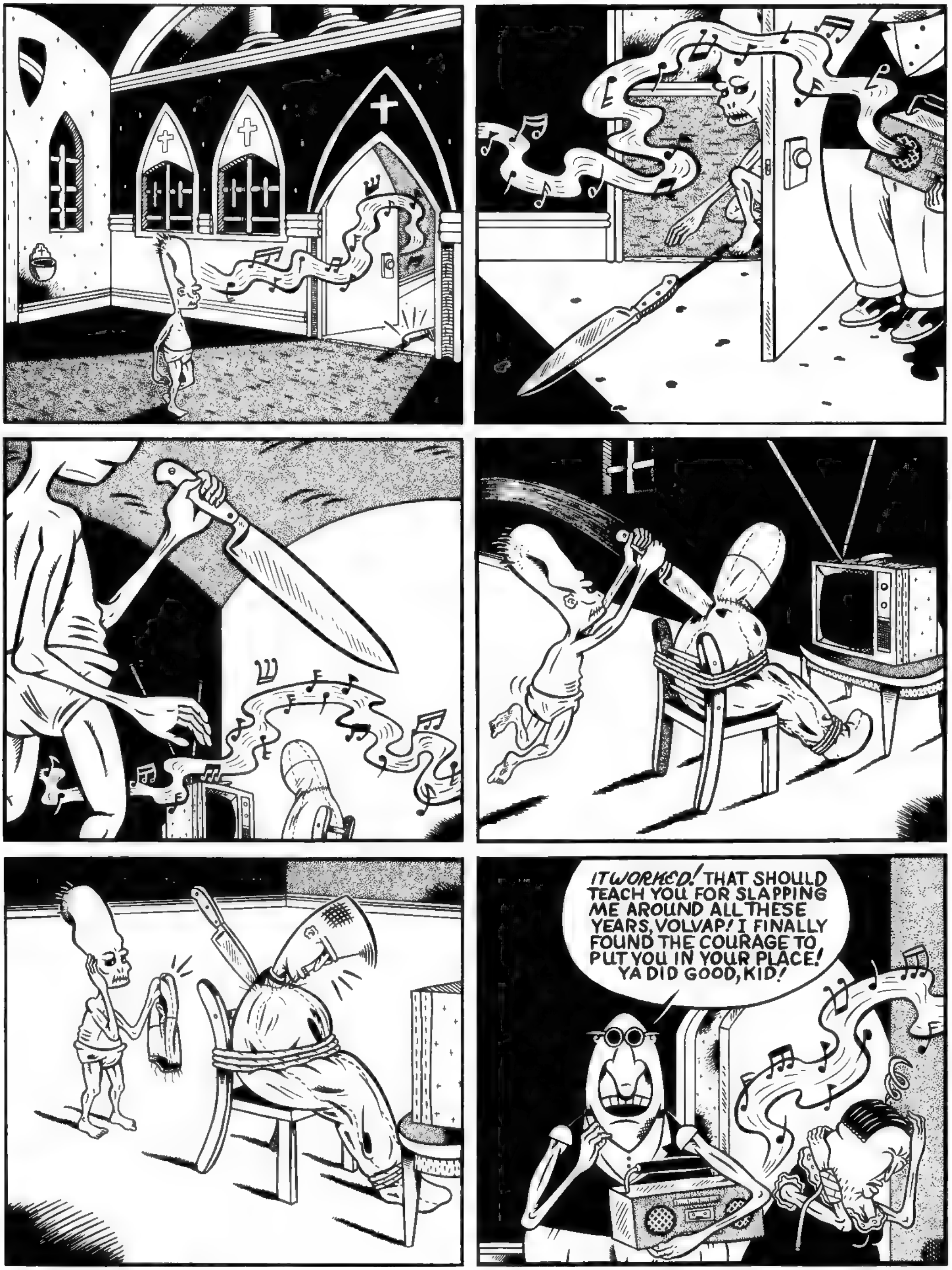

HERE YA GO! NOW, SCRAM!
GOD BLESS YOU TOO!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK TO ANYONE, GUNKHEAD!
IT WAS JUST SOME TRAMP, KID, VOLVAP! Ooooww!
THAT'S THE KID I'M TRYING TO NAB!
PRIESTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A SAWBUCK. THOUGH— I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHY I CAME HERE!
SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT MUSIC BACK THERE!
WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT THAT MUSIC?
"3 YEARS AGO---"
YES, LITTLE TOT—SLEEP! SLEEP AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER BACK TO WHEN YOU FIRST HEARD THAT EVIL MUSIC!

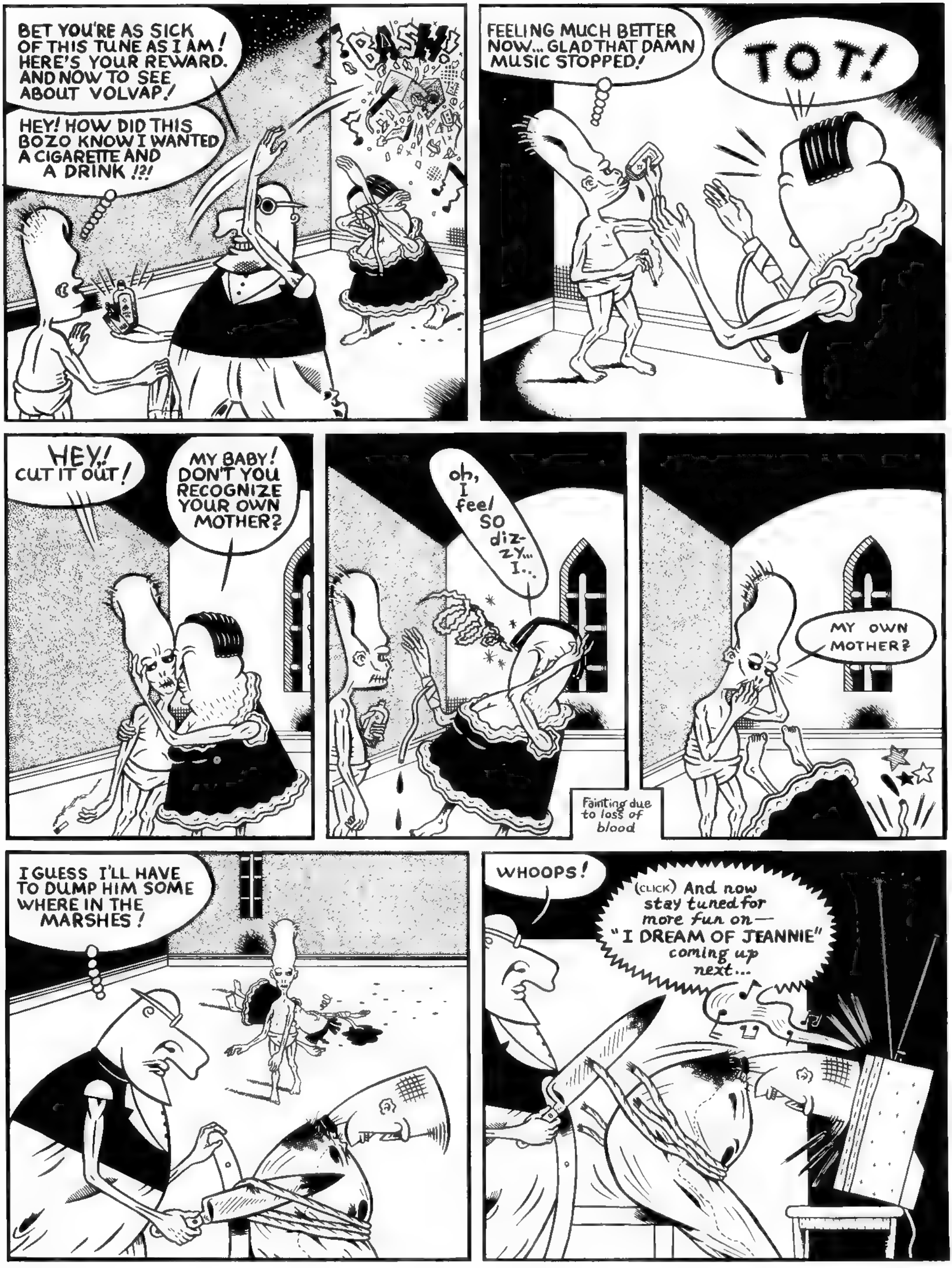

YOU WERE JUST AN INFANT BACK WHEN FATHER VOLVAP WOULD OFFER TO BABY SIT YOU WHILE YOUR WIDOWED MOTHER WORKED THE SWING SHIFT AT THE MY-T-FINE PUDDING FACTORY.
CROSS SECTION
•HALLWAY•
LITTLE DID YOUR MOTHER REALIZE THAT YOU WERE TO BE THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMER IN A DOOMED PLAY FOR POWER.
IT WAS VOLVAP'S INTENT TO BECOME ARCHBISHOP, BUT THIS COULD ONLY BE ACCOMPLISHED IF THE REIGNING ARCHBISHOP WERE TO STEP DOWN OR DIE.
EVERY NIGHT FOR SIX MONTHS, VOLVAP PLAYED THE THEME SONG TO "I DREAM OF JEANNIE" (the archbishop's favorite T.V. show) WHILE HIS PARTNER, FATHER GUNKHEAD, WORKED ON YOUR ARM...
...UNTIL YOU WOULD AUTOMATICALLY GO INTO A STABBING FRENZY WHENEVER YOU HEARD THAT SONG.
BUT THEN ONE NIGHT...
cheap wine and cigarettes used as rewards.

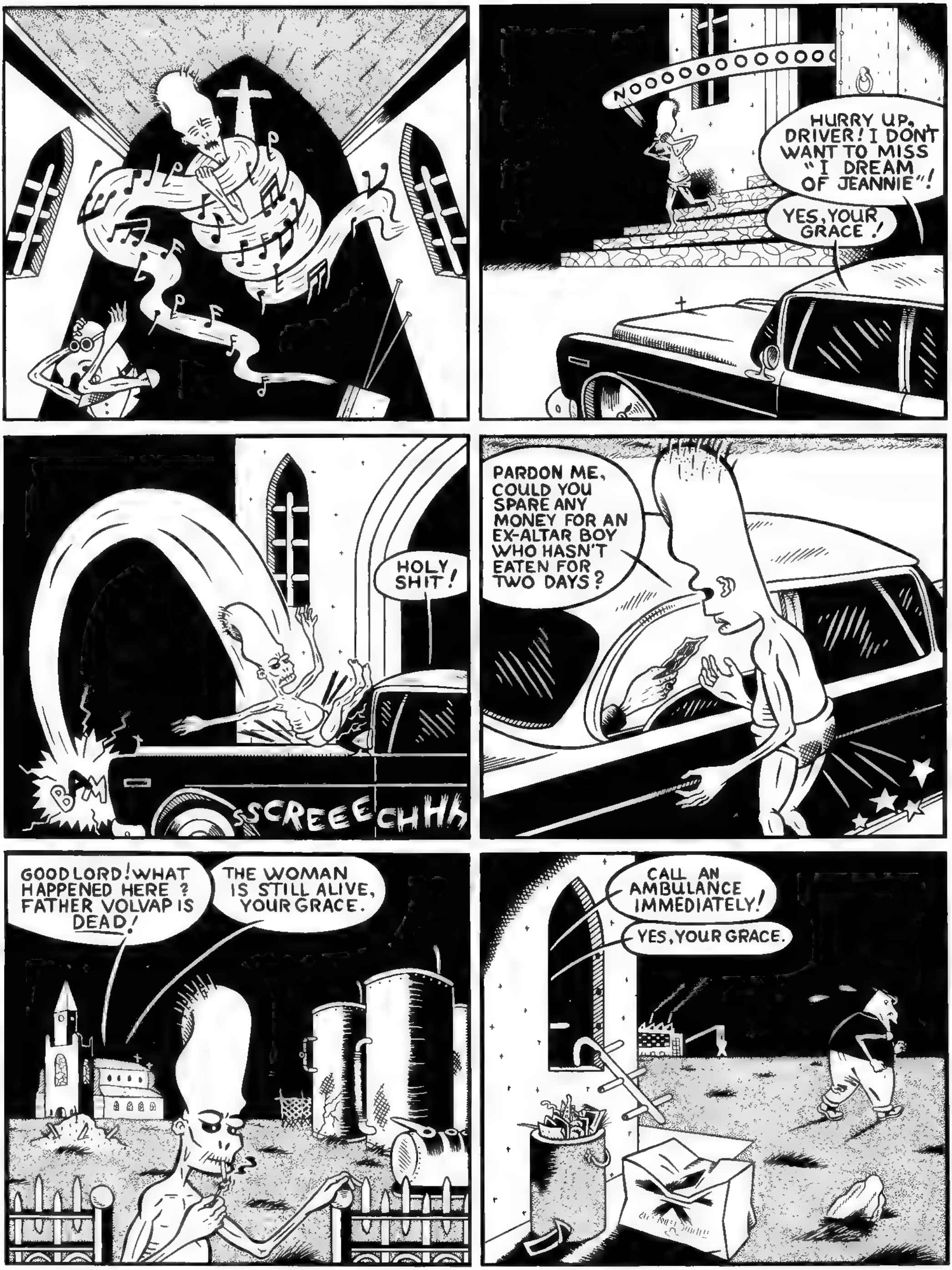

TOT!
GOOD THING I GOT HOME EARLY--YOU COULD HAVE HURT YOURSELF!
GET IN THE CAR, GUNKHEAD!
DRIVING OVER THIS BRIDGE ALWAYS MAKES ME NERVOUS! SAY, THAT KID'S AWFULLY QUIET BACK THERE!
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, VOLVAP?
WAAAAAAAA...
U.S.S. UGH

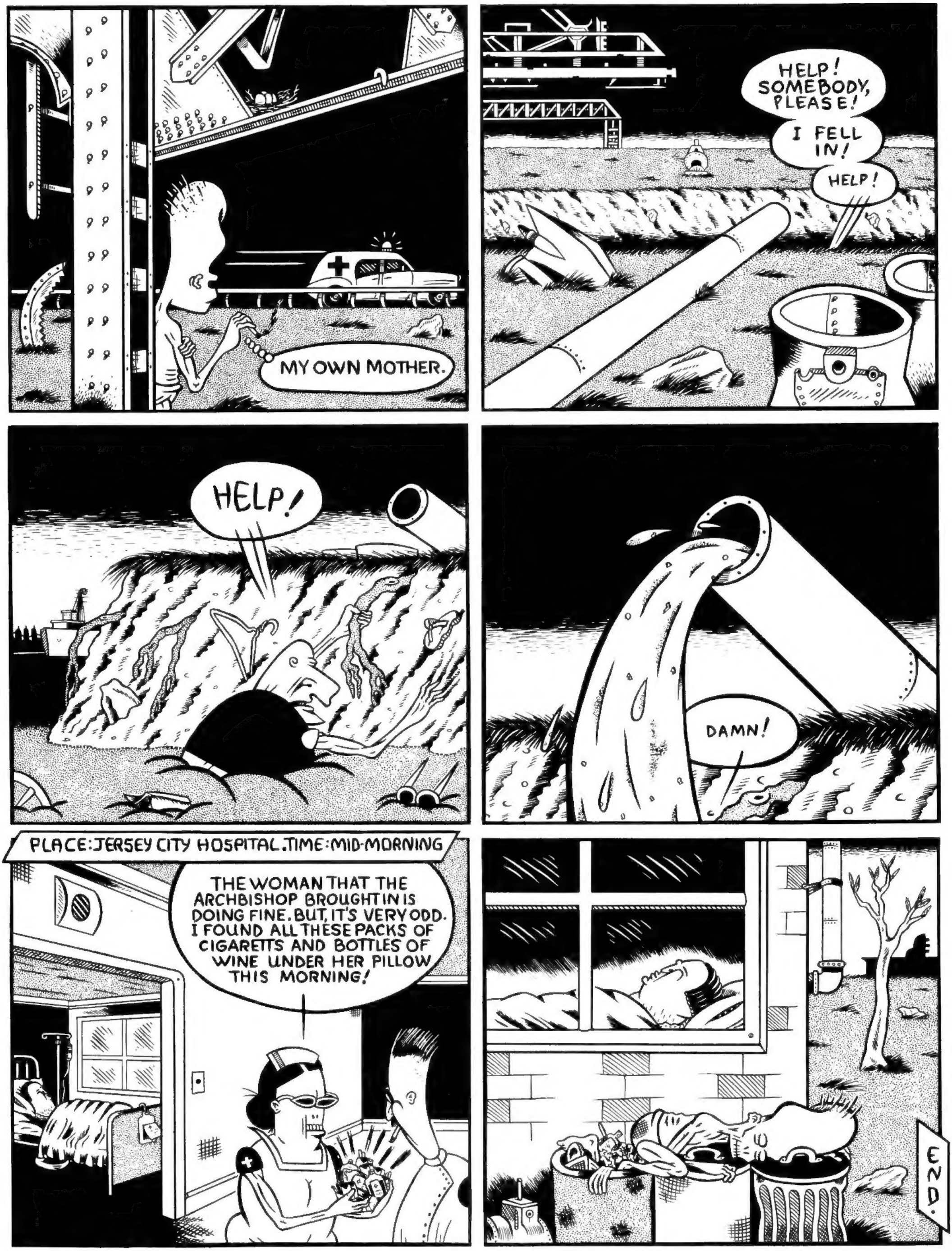

SPLOT
SO POLLUTED WAS THE HACKENSACK RIVER THAT IT'S GELATIN-LIKE SURFACE CUSHIONED THE IMPACT OF YOUR FALL. BUT YOU WERE LOST FROM HOME FOREVER.
SURVIVAL IN THE MARSHES MEANT THAT YOU HAD TO EAT ANYTHING YOU COULD FIND; MAINLY FOOD SCRAPS FROM THE FACTORIES IN THE AREA, BACTERIA & STRAY ANIMALS.
HELLO, THIS IS DR. PROCTO IN RM. 17...
JERSEY CITY HOSPITAL
...I SUGGEST WE PULL THE PLUGS ON THIS WOMAN. SHE'S BEEN IN A COMA FOR THREE YEARS AND FRANKLY THE HOSPITAL CANNOT AFFORD TO TAKE CARE OF THESE GOMERS* ANYMORE!
*Doctors' Slang: Patient who never seems to get well
ONLY MINUTES AWAY FROM HER TERMINATION--SOMETHING STIRS WITHIN HER DORMANT BRAIN.
TOT!
Hospital Bill
I BET I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THAT PHONY PRIEST!


MEANWHILE AT THE POINT OF HER DESTINATION- St. VINCENTS CHURCH...
WHATA-YA-MEAN I SHOULD ABANDON MY PLANS? IT TOOK TWO AND A HALF YEARS TO GET THE ARCHBISHOP TO VISIT THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PARISH!
UGH!
POW
"I DREAM OF JEANNIE" THEME NOW ON TAPE.
WHEN THE ARCHBISHOP SITS DOWN HERE TO WATCH "I DREAM OF JEANNIE" THAT KID WILL HEAR THE THEME MUSIC AND...
...SLASH! ONE BY ONE I'LL ELIMINATE THE WHOLE CHURCH HIERARCHY UNTIL I'M THE BIG ROMAN CATHOLIC CHEESE!
UH! MY HEAD! WHAT AM I DOING BACK HERE? THAT MUSIC. IT'S...IT'S MAKING ME WEAK!
WHERE'S MY BABY!?!
GRAB HER!
Oooooof
MY EYE!

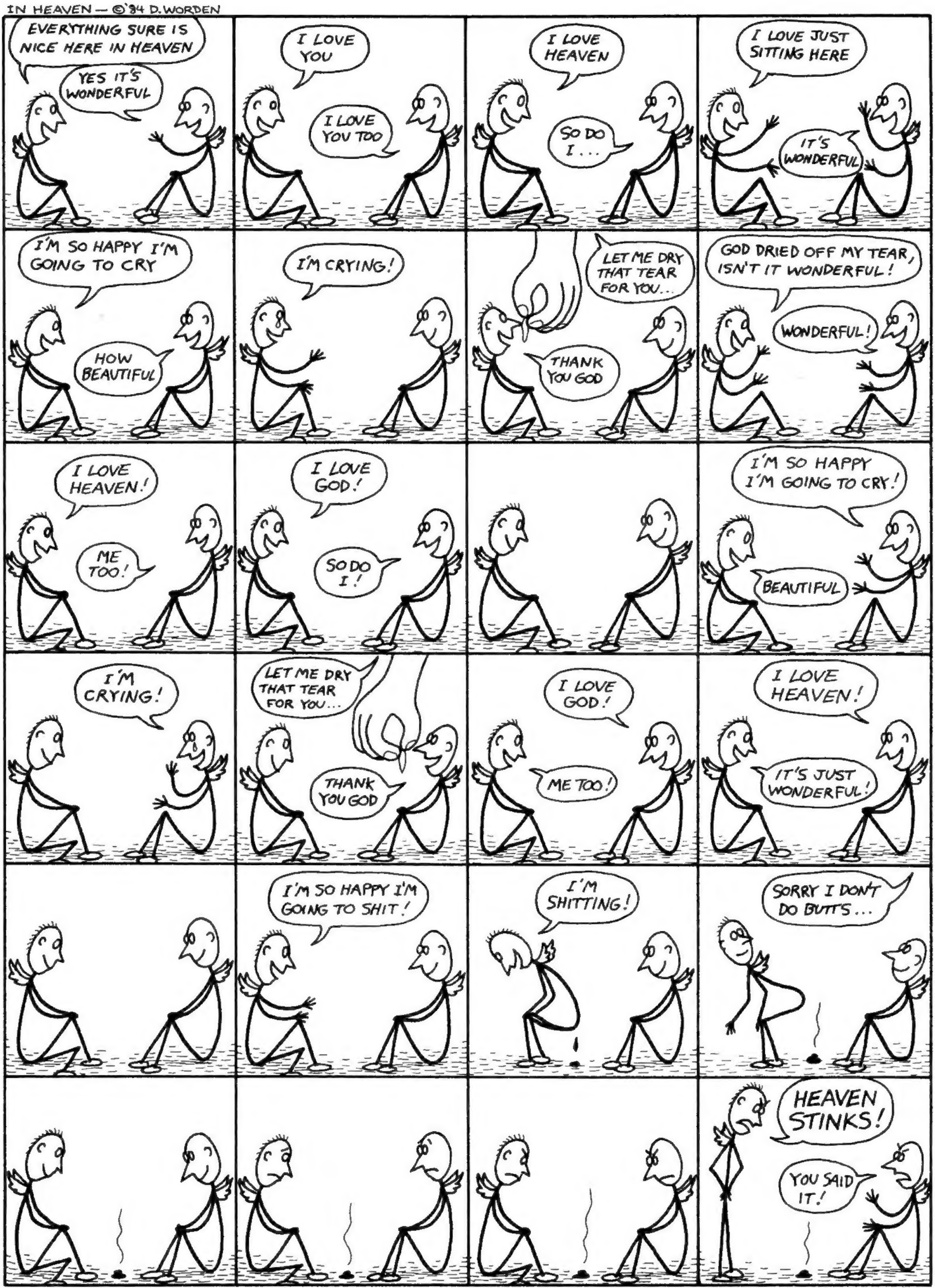

IT WORKED! THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU FOR SLAPPING ME AROUND ALL THESE YEARS, VOLVAP! I FINALLY FOUND THE COURAGE TO PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE! YA DID GOOD, KID!


BET YOU'RE AS SICK OF THIS TUNE AS I AM! HERE'S YOUR REWARD. AND NOW TO SEE ABOUT VOLVAP!
CRASH!
HEY! HOW DID THIS BOZO KNOW I WANTED A CIGARETTE AND A DRINK !?!
FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW... GLAD THAT DAMN MUSIC STOPPED!
TOT!
HEY! CUT IT OUT!
MY BABY! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN MOTHER?
oh, I feel SO dizzy... I..
Fainting due to loss of blood
MY OWN MOTHER?
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DUMP HIM SOME WHERE IN THE MARSHES!
WHOOPS!
(CLICK) And now stay tuned for more fun on— "I DREAM OF JEANNIE" coming up next...

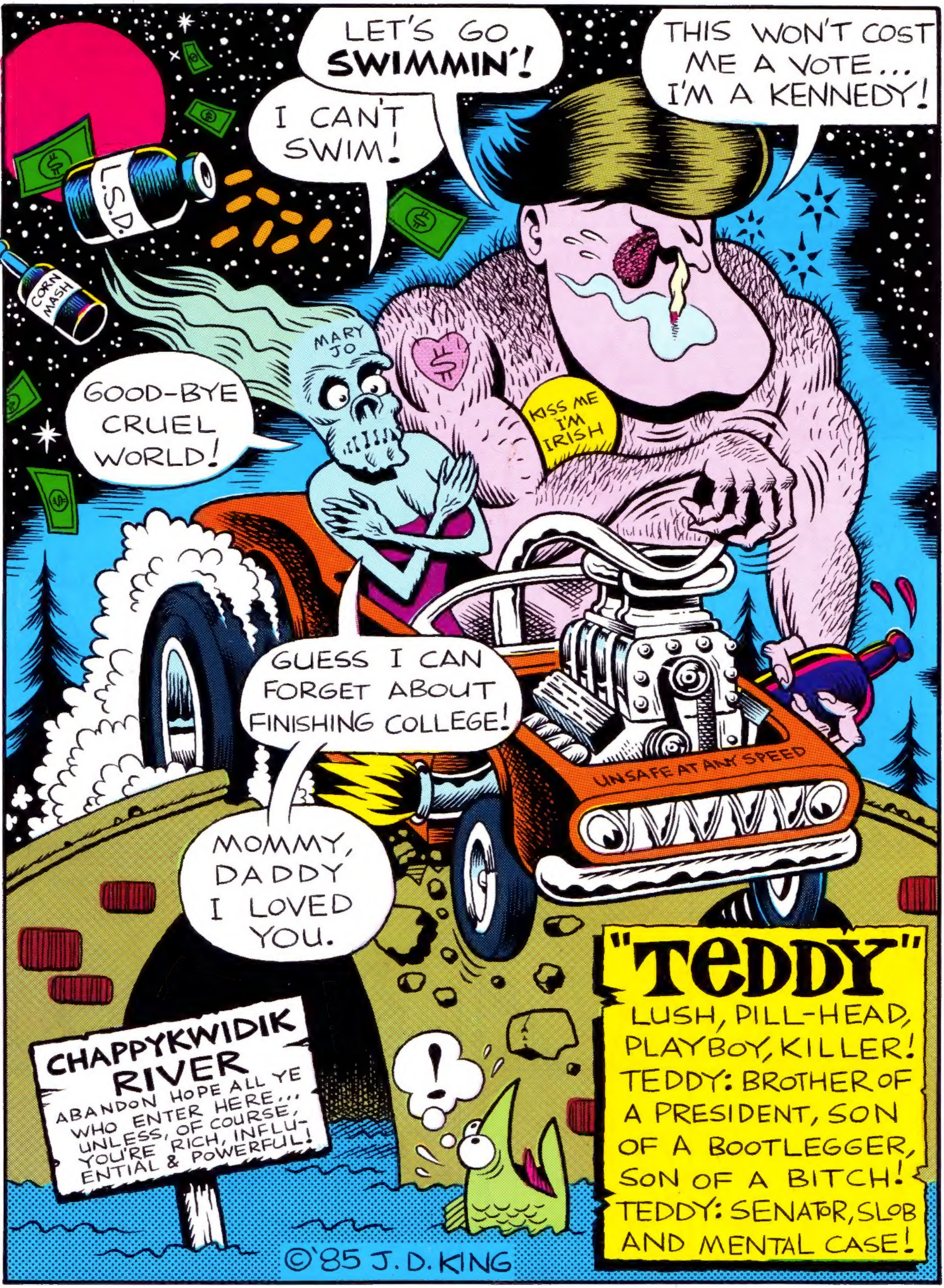

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO
HURRY UP, DRIVER! I DON'T WANT TO MISS "I DREAM OF JEANNIE"!
YES, YOUR GRACE!
HOLY SHIT!
BAM
SCREEECHHH
PARDON ME, COULD YOU SPARE ANY MONEY FOR AN EX-ALTAR BOY WHO HASN'T EATEN FOR TWO DAYS?
GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED HERE? FATHER VOLVAP IS DEAD!
THE WOMAN IS STILL ALIVE, YOUR GRACE.
CALL AN AMBULANCE IMMEDIATELY!
YES, YOUR GRACE.


MY OWN MOTHER.
HELP! SOMEBODY, PLEASE!
I FELL IN!
HELP!
HELP!
DAMN!
PLACE: JERSEY CITY HOSPITAL. TIME: MID-MORNING
THE WOMAN THAT THE ARCHBISHOP BROUGHT IN IS DOING FINE. BUT, IT'S VERY ODD. I FOUND ALL THESE PACKS OF CIGARETTS AND BOTTLES OF WINE UNDER HER PILLOW THIS MORNING!
END.

IN HEAVEN — ©'84 D.WORDEN


EVERYTHING SURE IS NICE HERE IN HEAVEN
YES IT'S WONDERFUL
I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU TOO
I LOVE HEAVEN
SO DO I...
I LOVE JUST SITTING HERE
IT'S WONDERFUL
I'M SO HAPPY I'M GOING TO CRY
HOW BEAUTIFUL
I'M CRYING!
LET ME DRY THAT TEAR FOR YOU...
THANK YOU GOD
GOD DRIED OFF MY TEAR, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!
I LOVE HEAVEN!
ME TOO!
I LOVE GOD!
SO DO I!
I'M SO HAPPY I'M GOING TO CRY!
BEAUTIFUL
I'M CRYING!
LET ME DRY THAT TEAR FOR YOU...
THANK YOU GOD
I LOVE GOD!
ME TOO!
I LOVE HEAVEN!
IT'S JUST WONDERFUL!
I'M SO HAPPY I'M GOING TO SHIT!
I'M SHITTING!
SORRY I DON'T DO BUTTS...
HEAVEN STINKS!
YOU SAID IT!

SO GO TO HELL


LET'S GO **SWIMMIN'**!
THIS WON'T COST ME A VOTE... I'M A KENNEDY!
I CAN'T SWIM!
L.S.D.
CORN MASH
MARY JO
GOOD-BYE CRUEL WORLD!
KISS ME I'M IRISH
GUESS I CAN FORGET ABOUT FINISHING COLLEGE!
UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED
MOMMY, DADDY I LOVED YOU.
!
CHAPPYKWIDIK RIVER
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE... UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'RE RICH, INFLUENTIAL & POWERFUL!
"TEDDY"
LUSH, PILL-HEAD, PLAYBOY, KILLER! TEDDY: BROTHER OF A PRESIDENT, SON OF A BOOTLEGGER, SON OF A BITCH! TEDDY: SENATOR, SLOB AND MENTAL CASE!

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